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THIS paper is all in favour of recognizing the Russian Constituent Assembly for just what it is—the representative of the revolutionary movement which supplanted the autocracy, and was in turn supplanted by a larger revolution. The Tsar is in Walhalla; the Constituent Assembly is in Paris; the All-Russian Congress of Soviets is in Moscow. With no great mental effort, and with no surpassing strain upon the English language, we can "recognize" all these three facts at once. If the Governments of Europe and America would only do as much, the Russian problem would move a couple of steps along the road towards solution.

IN our issue of 25 August we commented on the prediction of Mr. Francis, late Ambassador to Russia, that the Soviet Government would go to pieces in six months. We observed that if such were the case, all that General Wrangel need do was to sit tight on the pleasant shores of the Crimea until 13 February and then march on to Moscow. This seemed perhaps a light and trifling way to take with a United States Ambassador, but we thought then and still think that his foresight deserved nothing better. Here we are, up to the six months time-limit, and still the wretched Soviet Government hangs on, apparently stronger than ever. Italy, France and England are doing business with the red-handed monsters—we notice that the Armstrong-Whitworth concern has just signed up for the job of repairing all the locomotives in Russia—and formal recognition seems to us quite as clear a prospect as dissolution seemed to Mr. Francis six months ago. We say all this with no desire to crow over Mr. Francis or to match our word of prophecy against his. We merely wish to point out to our newspaper-skimming public that it is almost entirely on the ilk of Mr. Francis that they have been depending for their daily grist of misinformation about Soviet Russia. If they take the trouble to check up on these brethren once in a while, they will probably reach the same unflattering conclusions that this paper has always held concerning their reliability.

CURRENT COMMENT.

FIFTY-NINE million dollars, representing the present value of something more than a million Liberty Bonds of the smallest denomination, is the amount of money expended hereabout by the Kerensky Government since that Government ceased to exist. Since all, or nearly all this money was graciously advanced by our national exchequer to help win the war, Senator Reed has just now made bold to call for an accounting, and Mr. Nicholas Kelley has taken the opportunity to explain that the Treasury acted throughout upon the advice of the State Department and in the full knowledge that M. Boris Bakhmetiev, the Kerensky Ambassador, is and continues to be the recognized representative of Russia in the United States. Seeing what a mess things were getting into at the Capitol, certain of "the highest State Department officials" attempted the other day to mop up the whole business by telling the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* that M. Bakhmetiev had used the funds at his disposal most circumspectly, for the commendable purpose of paying off American creditors of the Kerensky Government.

HOWEVER satisfactory this explanation may be to the official mind, it takes no account of the fact that these funds were collected from the American people and loaned, presumably, to the Russian nation; that repayment is still expected from the Russian nation; and that disbursement was made by a gentleman who can not possibly be regarded as a real representative of the Russian nation. Besides this, it appears from the testimony of Mr. Kelley that funds to the amount of something less than \$3,000,000 were advanced to M. Bakhmetiev *after* the fall of the Kerensky Government, when M. Bakhmetiev's right to receive new loans was even less defensible than his right to expend the old ones. Finally, our highest officials have not yet told us who provides the funds for the maintenance of Mr. A. J. Sack's Russian Information Bureau, the centre of anti-Soviet agitation in the United States. We should like to have somebody make a statement on this subject also, for somehow we can not clear our minds of the suspicion that Americans are paying for the propagandizing of themselves by a small group of Russians who find it safer and very much more profitable to represent their country than to reside in it.

THE influence of political geography upon human sympathies is a subject of profound importance, but one hardly yet amenable to exact treatment. For instance, the report that 500,000 Polish children are dependent upon American relief produces gasps of horror and a new out-flow of charity, while Mr. A. J. Sack's announcement that 13,000,000 Russians are starving is accepted philosophically, as a proof that bolshevism is a failure. The scarcity of food in isolated Russia perhaps proves that Lenin and Trotsky are black devils; but in that case, the famine that outruns Allied aid in Poland must be considered most damaging to the characters of Paderewski, Pilsudski, and the other members of their crew at Warsaw. If there were any proportionate relationship between suffering, sympathy, and support, Russia would now be the centre of the largest activities of the American Red Cross and the American Relief Administration. As a matter of fact, the work of relief has never been in any sense proportioned to the need; and in a pamphlet just issued, Dr. J. L. Magnes has made it quite clear that neither the Red Cross nor the Relief Administration has ever made a respectable effort to undo the mischief our Government has done. Charity at its best is a poor substitute for justice, but the kind of charity that requires political conversion as the price of food is a business for Judas Iscariot.

If anyone doubts our estimate of the value of politicians to a country, we invite him to consider the case of France. M. Briand is all for France. M. Poincaré has "no other thought than to serve in these serious days the best interests of my country." So M. Briand proposes preposterously impossible terms for Germany, and M. Poincaré holds a stiletto at M. Briand's back to make sure that he does not weaken. Very well. Suppose Germany assented to those terms and set about working them out in good faith: what then? The German people would, for more than a generation, work the longest hours and for the smallest pay of any nation in the world, in order to produce a surplus of goods to be exported to France; for the only way that Germany can pay France is by the exportation of goods.

THEN France would become the greatest re-exporting country in the world, for she would have this steady flow of German-made goods to re-direct and realize on in her export-markets. What are those markets? North and South America and England. What would those countries think of France's monopoly of the brokerage in these prison-made commodities—the parallel is exact—and what kind of commercial policy would they adopt towards France in consequence? There is no trouble about answering that question and no trouble, consequently, about deciding how far the best interests of France are being served by Messrs. Briand and Poincaré. Then, further, how do these gentlemen think that France can increase hours and depress wages to a subsistence-level in Germany without doing the same thing in France and in all the countries where France proposes to dump her prison-made goods? M. Yves Guyot, a most distinguished economist, lives in Paris, to the best of our memory, very handy for Messrs. Briand and Poincaré to consult; why not ask him how much service he thinks they are doing to the best interest of France?

ALL reports agree that Mr. Henry Wallace of Iowa is to become our next Secretary of Agriculture. His friends tell us that he is a self-made man with a healthy appetite for difficulties, so we are pleased to lay our humble tribute on his desk, in the shape of this statement which we quote from a recent market-letter of the National City Bank of New York (the italics are ours): "All government farm-management calculations include interest on the estimated value of the land as a part of the cost of making the crop, and as land-values rise whenever crop-values do, it follows that government-calculations almost invariably show that there is no profit in farming operations."

IF there is anything unfair in this method of cost-accounting, we hope Mr. Wallace will show the public what it is. If there is not, and if farming is really an unprofitable industry, we think Mr. Wallace ought to say what he thinks should be done about it; else why have a Secretary of Agriculture? Farming, as we have often pointed out, is the largest industry in the country, and as long as men must eat to live, it is the fundamental industry. Now, when the fundamental and greatest industry in the country, according to what seems a fair and proper system of cost-accounting, is profitless and busted, we do not think we are unduly crowding the mourners when we ask for a candid discussion of the facts presented by the National City Bank. We have repeatedly invited the attention of our liberal friends to these little matters, but somehow they do not say anything about them. It does no harm to try again, probably, and we shall keep on trying, but meanwhile we hope Mr. Wallace will say something. Our liberal friends are politically-minded, and nothing interests them much until some politician gives tongue to it. Hence if Mr. Wallace would comment on the observations of the National City Bank, he might set them going. We begin to despair of ever being able to do it ourselves, even with the powerful help of the National City Bank.

WHEN one sees a diplomat in an uncomfortably stooped-over position, one never really knows whether he has his ear to the ground or his head in the sand. The Chilean Ambassador has celebrated Mr. Colby's home-coming by declaring that while our Secretary of State was in South America, he not only spoke but listened. Our own ears are unaccustomed to the business, but sometimes it seems to us we hear faint murmurings which must have escaped the attention of Mr. Colby. Haiti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua are mentioned now and then, to keep alive the memory of Cuba, Panama and Vera Cruz; Obregon refuses manfully to buy the crown of recognition; Argentina talks of tariff reprisals; the formation of the New Central American Union, and the request of the Pan-American Federation of Labour, for the evacuation of Dominica give more than a hint of Latin solidarity and our own isolation; and yet the Administration sends the Pacific Fleet parading all around South America, filling the streets of the cities with marching sailors and the papers with Admiral Rodman's explanations of the Monroe Doctrine. A headline in the *New York Times* says: "Fleets Cement Ties with South America"; maybe so; we don't know just exactly how that is done, but we do know well enough what our feelings would be if some large protecting power should set out to propagandize us by pasturing its navy in our front yard.

MR. DANIELS has set at rest any fears which the embryo admirals of Annapolis may have entertained regarding the prospect of possible unemployment in their chosen line of trade; he has announced that the navy will not be scrapped. Indeed, in his swan song at Annapolis he insisted that an adequate navy on, over, and under the sea is essential to something or other. We forget just what it was essential to; but if we were asked for our guess in the matter we should say that it was most essential to our armament-makers and to our dollar-diplomats who want a navy of persuasive size to carry the flag that follows the foreign investment.

As the figures on the overhead of this on-over-and-under-sea fighting machine continue to come in, they may look a little high to the citizen whose chief concern just now is scraping together the amount of his income-tax. The sum which will be required to finish the 1916 naval programme is fixed at \$434,681,000; and a mere reading of the list of other items in the Naval Appropriation bill for 1922 is enough to discourage the stoutest-hearted taxpayer. Nor can he longer hope for lessened expense through the abolition of capital ships, for the General Board of the Navy has emphatically declared that "the battleship remains the basis of sea-power"; and presumably that settles it. When, in addition to these disconcerting facts, one considers that the proposed tri-Power conference on disarmament bids fair to be indefinitely postponed, there seems nothing left for taxpayers and rentpayers but to stand up and take their punishment; unless, indeed, they should prefer to organize and meet these extravagant commitments with a point-blank refusal to pay the bills.

WHEN we consider the items of the domestic and diplomatic inheritance which the present Administration is destined to leave behind, we feel sure that the rest which Mr. Harding is taking in Florida is, or will be, much needed. There is, for example, this matter of the new Japanese-American agreement, which remains up to the present moment a secret covenant not yet arrived at. Although there has been no official deliverance upon the character of the terms proposed by Ambassadors Morris and Shidehara to their respective Governments, countless columns of telegraphic speculations on the subject have flowed out from Washington. Senator Johnson has become greatly alarmed by such reports, and has thrown himself into what Mr. Colby describes as "defensive postures against dangers . . . which do not present themselves."

IN the meantime the anti-alien agitation seems to be turning the Golden State inside out; a land-bill patterned on that of California is being prepared for submission to the Oregon legislature; the State Senate of Texas is considering a similar bill, and some of the people of that commonwealth, impatient with the slow course of legislative injustice, have sent incoming Japanese settlers packing back to California. All things considered, we incline to the belief that the present Administration will not push for a final settlement of this question. Texas is safe enough, politically speaking, but Oregon may some time belong to the doubtful class, and California is capable of going Democratic when occasion demands. Any treaty that the Mikado will sign will make friends for the United States in Japan, and enemies for the Democrats in our Western States. Mr. Wilson knows the condition of the donkey's back; probably he will take no chances.

IN this country we hear a great deal about bolshevik propaganda in India, and little or nothing about the work that Englishmen and even Americans are doing to build an economic foundation under Indian dreams of independence. Some information upon the latter phase of the subject has just come to us in the course of a casual conversation with an American engineer who ought to know what he is talking about; and in our humble judgment, the facts here related bear more directly upon the future of India than the story of the Amritsar massacre, and all the companion pieces that have been placarded in the press. According to our informant, there is now under construction in the north of India a steel-plant which is destined to have as large an output as any single plant upon the American continent. At times, as many as fourteen thousand natives have been employed in the work of construction, under the guidance of three American engineers. It is probable that when the plant is completed, its operation will be almost entirely in native hands.

PRESUMABLY it is the hope of the capitalists—Hindu, British and American—who have financed this remarkable enterprise, that they will soon be able to under-sell British manufacturers in the Indian market, perhaps even in the home-market itself. If the English manufacturers really believed in free trade, they would accept the new state of affairs as generally advantageous; but nobody thinks that the steel-makers of Sheffield are so enamoured of Cobden's doctrines that they will want to see dearly-bought colonies turned into competitive producers, rather than humble consumers of those things which Providence has hitherto permitted England to export. It is really a fact that trade follows the flag, but inevitably the industrial system follows too; and sooner or later a rich dependency must become a powerful competitor by virtue of the very conditions that have made it a valuable possession. In the natural course of events, the home Government then attempts to check by political means an economic development which its own citizens have hastened, and unless some sort of compromise is effected, the whole mess boils up in a revolution.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Winston Churchill has no special gift for seeing the holes in a ladder, it seems that he has finally discovered certain lacunae in the Eastern policy of the British Empire. The London *Daily Express* has been reminding the new Colonial Secretary that £57,000,000 a year is a lot of money to be paying out for the maintenance of British forces in Mesopotamia and Palestine. Englishmen used to have the idea that these regions were bought and paid for during the years 1914-18, inclusive; but the mandate-areas can not even pay the interest on the original investment, as long as they export nothing more valuable than a small quantity of censored news. Mr. Churchill frankly admits the importance of this consideration; he is inclined to think that there is not as much oil in Mesopotamia as exploration once gave promise of, and he has even expressed certain doubts concerning the value of the Anglo-Persian fields. Thus, with the price

of all these Near-Eastern purchases running so exorbitantly high, and their quality now so much in question, the British public is prepared to welcome a partial cancellation of the imperial bargain. The withdrawals already in progress in Persia and Mesopotamia are cheerfully credited to the free exercise of British common sense; and the delinquency of Greece, the increasing forwardness of Mustapha Kemal, the sovietizing of Armenia, the bolshevik negotiations with Persia, and the new disturbances in India are conveniently cancelled from the list of possible causes of Anglican embarrassment in the Near East.

Most of our readers are aware that during the war, the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence were under ban of the law; that is to say, persons who circulated reprints from these documents were brought before the courts and convicted of seditious conduct. This seemed rather remarkable; but an even more remarkable fact has now come to light. The Association to Abolish War is reprinting and circulating the Sermon on the Mount, in a four-page leaflet. This is headed by the caption "Now It Can be Printed"; and an explanatory note is added, stating that late in 1917, a member of the Association proposed to print the Sermon on the Mount, without note or comment, for free distribution. The secretary of the Association, Mr. Wilbur K. Thomas, was officially informed that such a procedure would be regarded by the Department of Justice as "pro-German." How is that for high?

FOR our part we are well pleased. We think that the Department of Justice acted consistently, logically and properly. We were glad when the Department and the courts officially repudiated the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence; and we are delighted to hear that the Department repudiated the Sermon on the Mount. *Quid Athenis et Hierosolyma?* There is simply not moral elbow-room on the same continent for Mr. Palmer and a lithograph of Thomas Jefferson's signature. There is not room in the universe for Mr. Wilson or any member of his Administration to coexist with a second-hand copy of the New Testament. Friends of liberty, friends of religion and friends of humanity all have reason to be grateful to Mr. Wilson's Administration for giving their ideals the best possible recommendation. By disallowing the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and the Sermon on the Mount, and by imprisoning Eugene Debs, the Government has amply certified the faith of right-minded persons. If there were anything in any of these to which Mr. Wilson's Administration could give its practical approval, we should all have serious reason to suspect the validity of our own convictions.

So Eugene Debs, like the majority of his countrymen, refuses a pardon to Woodrow Wilson. True enough, Mr. Wilson has not sought at 'Gene Debs's hands release from that dark prison where his soul lies chained; but who, regarding the two men, can doubt which is the prisoner and which the free man, which the guilty and which the innocent? The walls and iron bars of Atlanta make a hermitage there for the innocent and quiet mind of 'Gene Debs. The man in the White House knows in his anguish that it is not in his power to pardon his prisoner, for Debs in his soul is free, his voice leaps above the high walls and his name will remain honoured for ever.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE HIDDEN SPRINGS OF CARSONISM

For all that has been said and written about the attitude of the present British Government towards Ireland, certain important facts have never yet been properly brought out in this country; in fact, we think they are quite generally unknown. At the second general election in 1910, Mr. Asquith's Government returned to power under pledge of home rule for Ireland. It immediately set about meeting that pledge in good faith, as far as anyone knows, and a home rule bill was prepared and presented. It dragged along a tedious course of stalling and shelving, until it passed its third reading and finally in the summer of 1914, only two or three days before the war broke out, it was placed upon the statute-books of England. Irish impatience and insistence, combined with the peculiar activities of Sir Edward Carson and his friends, culminated in the mutiny of the Curragh, when the Government ordered cavalry to Ulster to protect the ammunition-depots from seizure by Sir Edward Carson's army.

These things were made known at the time and are easily remembered. Some significant circumstances connected with the course of the home rule bill, however, were not made known; they have never become known in the United States, and knowledge of them greatly helps to a proper understanding of the British Government's present frantic policy towards Ireland. As soon as Mr. Asquith's Government took Irish home rule under consideration, the Welsh members began to press hard for Welsh home rule; and immediately the Scots members also started a heavy drive for Scots home rule. In fact, a private member's bill for Scots home rule was introduced and passed its second reading, which is as far as a private member's bill can go without consent of the Government. It was not accepted by the Government, but was withdrawn subject to an understanding with the Secretary for Scotland, which the Scots members appeared to consider sufficiently definite. It can not perhaps be said that the Secretary, Mr. McKinnon Wood, actually promised the Scots members that the private member's bill would be replaced by a Government bill; but he must have come very close to such a commitment, for he managed to keep the Scots members in hand up to the spring of 1914, when they became unmanageable in their importunity, putting Mr. McKinnon Wood almost at his wit's end, and making it clear to the Government that unless something happened pretty soon to take the country's mind off such matters, there would be trouble.

But what of that? Nationalist Ireland would at that time no doubt have accepted the measure proposed by Mr. Asquith's Government and been glad to get it. Then undoubtedly the opposition of Ulster would have dwindled away; once the measure became law, Ulster would have had the Government to fight. Suppose Scotland and Wales did insist that if Ireland was to have her Parliament, they too must have theirs; what of it? If the British Empire does not feel the strain of a Parliament in a Canadian or an Australian capital, it would not be racked to its political death by a Parliament set up in a Scots, Irish or Welsh capital; at least, there is no apparent reason for apprehending any such thing. As far as one could judge at the time, the award of home rule to Scotland and Wales would be in itself no great price to pay for the pacification of Ireland, so, again, what of it?

Simply this. In 1914, Labour and the Liberal party between them held twenty-seven out of the thirty Welsh seats, sixty-one of the seventy-two Scots seats; and the home rule bills for Wales and Scotland were levelled directly at Welsh and Scots landlordism. The great campaign for land-value taxation reached its height early in 1914 and had swept Wales and Scotland like a hurricane. Mr. Asquith's Government knew to a certainty that under home rule, the Welsh and Scots Parliaments would, the very first thing, probably before they had their overcoats off and took their seats, establish land-value taxation and bury Welsh and Scots landlordism for ever; and with landlordism gone in Wales and Scotland, English landlordism would not last a year.

Say what one will, it was a puzzling and uncomfortable situation for Mr. Asquith's Government; the Prime Minister of England was right up against the iron. He wanted to redeem his pledge and give Ireland home rule; there is hardly any reasonable doubt that he meant to do it. But how could he do it? Ireland itself was not greatly interested in land-value taxation perhaps, but Scotland and Wales were, and hence the granting of home rule to Ireland would be in a very real sense, taking the ground out from under the feet of privilege all over the United Kingdom. The thing was simply impracticable and impossible; no Government could do it.

These sequences should be borne in mind when one considers the plight of the British Government in August, 1914. Jealousy of the rising commercial power of Germany might or might not of itself have carried the Liberal Government into the war, even had that Government not been in helpless bondage to its secret commitments to France and Russia. Be this as it may, the war gave the British Government respite from a pressing and apparently insoluble domestic difficulty. The coincidence is extraordinary. First, the agreements with the three great labour-unions, made at the time of the strike in 1911 which tied England up as tight as a white-oak knot, were to expire in the autumn of 1914, and an amalgamation of the three unions (miners, railwaymen and transport-workers) was ready to go into effect 1 January, 1915. Then the second element in the difficulty was the great land-value tax campaign. Welsh disestablishment and home rule were the two questions which for forty years had thwarted the progress of English domestic legislation. With these now out of the way, Mr. Asquith's Government well knew that in the next general election, which would come in January, 1916, land-values would be the one and only issue. The third element was the impossibility of satisfying the militant Orange faction under the circumstances that we have just been discussing. At that time Sir Edward Carson was dining with the Kaiser in Berlin; and the prayer was ascending from many a pulpit in the North of Ireland that the Kaiser, as the only Protestant monarch in Europe, would come over and save them. Whatever reasons may be assigned officially or suspected unofficially for England's entrance into the war, one must at least be aware that the war came along at the most convenient time in the world for rescuing the British Government from this focus of trouble. If this suggestion should appear as something too fantastic after all the stress and storm of the long years of war, it should be remembered that few people in any of the belligerent countries expected the war to last more than a few months, and this was notably the view in England, where even in high official circles the Russian "steam-roller" was expected to be "in Berlin by

Christmas," as Lord Esher stated in his letter to the *Glasgow Herald* in 1915.

These sequences should also be borne in mind when one considers the ferocity of the present British Government towards Ireland, and the reasons commonly assigned for its frantic implacability. The *odium theologicum* between Ulster and the South; the impossibility of a political working-agreement between the two sections; the "military and naval menace" of a free Ireland against Great Britain: well, yes, but as one digs into these reasons, one gets hardly enough out of them to assure oneself that any of them, or all of them taken together, justifies anything like the rigour of repression that is employed against Ireland. In how many instances in the building up of the British Empire has the English spirit of compromise and tolerance pointed the way out, as in the unique measure of freedom accorded to the Dominion of Canada, and even more markedly in the case of the settlement of the vexed question of Boer and British rivalry in South Africa! Ireland, has, however, and that very recently, raised a practical question of fundamental economics, the question of privilege; in 1914, Ireland had landlordism all over the United Kingdom worse frightened than it had ever been in the whole course of its career since Richard Cobden's campaign of the 'forties. Something like this might conceivably happen again; there is no foretelling when or where the Irish question may again touch privilege; and a Government even more intelligent than that of Mr. Lloyd George might on this account alone think it expedient to go to any lengths in keeping that unhappy country on the safe side.

THE MISJUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Now that the Lloyd George-Briand reparation proposals are under discussion, the question which business men everywhere must face is this: Can Europe recover her commercial and financial place in the world's trade if Germany be reduced to a state of economic slavery? With Europe deep in America's debt, the maintenance of our financial and commercial integrity depends largely on the action we take in this new Franco-German crisis.

Germany is asked by the Paris conference to undergo a process of systematic impoverishment for a period of forty-two years. This, of course, amounts to nothing less than a commercial death-sentence, and if it were not for the patent futility of proposing terms which extend over a generation, this paper would be tempted to take the matter seriously and ask what will become of Great Britain in the meantime? How can she live without Germany's trade? Mr. Lloyd George, for all his rhetoric, knows very well that British business can not thrive with its best customer permanently ruined. During the tariff agitation of 1903-05 he appeared to be convinced of the obvious fact that goods pay for goods, and that Britain's market in Germany prospered as long as Germany's market in Britain prospered. Why, then, is he apparently committing his Government to assist M. Briand in destroying Germany's commercial future?

Commercial and financial reasons for such an act do not exist. We must look elsewhere for some explanation of the British Prime Minister's subversion of those principles of trade which he held ten or fifteen years ago; we must look not to the field of trade and finance, but to the political considerations which affect men who cling to the emoluments of office and bureaucratic power. It is here, and here only, that the reason

can be found for his *pro forma* acquiescence in the exorbitances of the French Premier. It is not yet convenient for the British Government openly to break with the French Government. There are too many outstanding questions in Mesopotamia, Syria, Anatolia, and Russia to be settled in Britain's favour before the entente with Germany, which Mr. Lloyd George suggested last year, can be effected. Nor are things going by any means favourably with the "backward peoples" of Eastern Europe and Asia. From Smyrna to Bagdad, from Baku to Aden, almost insuperable difficulties of accommodation have been encountered by the quondam Allies; and these must yet be managed. Mr. Lloyd George is therefore marking-time by supporting M. Briand, knowing well enough that he can depend upon the bankers and merchants of Great Britain for a practical repudiation of the terms drawn up in Paris. M. Briand has already been forced by M. Tardieu to tell the French people the truth about the preposterous expectations which M. Klotz held out to them lately concerning Germany's ability to pay a vast indemnity; and now the same deluded people must learn that the computations of French Ministers of Finance are not worth the copper in Jacques's bad sou. For two years the office-holding trusts of Britain and France have kept themselves up by the vain insistence that the spoils of war shall go to the victors. But Mr. Lloyd George knows now that Germany can not pay; Messieurs Clemenceau, Millerand and Briand know it just as well. All their pretence to the contrary is merely a desperate and dishonest gesture of politics; and Mr. Lloyd George, unless one judge him by the maxim *prius dementat*, is well aware that the bankers and merchants of England will not be impressed by a gesture of that kind.

The bankers and merchants, who are not concerned with the exigencies of politics or of keeping office, ask themselves one question only: With two-thirds of the population of Europe out of commission, industrially, how is it possible for the rest to exist? It is not possible; that settles the matter. Even victorious Britain can not pay America as much as the interest on her borrowings; that is admitted. How then can Germany be expected to pay compensation to France? By what economic law can France make Germany pay the billions so liberally debited against her at Paris? Does President Millerand know how to suspend or circumvent the law of wage? Does the *ci-devant* Socialist Briand know in which chapter of the bible of his early years, "Das Kapital," Marx suggests how "surplus value" can be wrung from a wage below subsistence-level?

From time to time the suggestion is thrown out by more or less responsible people in London that the United States Government should cancel its loans to Britain on condition that the British Government cancel its loans to its former Allies. Sir Robert Horne, a member of Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet, has come out flatly with this suggestion, saying it is the only way out of the mess. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, said last Saturday that the British Government had approached our Government upon the subject. The London correspondent of the Paris *Journal* recently quoted a person whom he described as "Britain's greatest financier," as saying: "These loans [made by America to Great Britain] will not be paid either by you [France] or by us or by anybody. . . . Each country must say farewell to its loans." This notion is now very popular in Europe. For our part we should like to know what our American bankers and merchants think of all this. If the

European Allies can not scrape together even enough money to pay the interest on the ten billions which they owe this country, what chance has Germany of finding the wherewithal to meet the Allies' demands?

Mr. Willis H. Booth, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, is reported by the New York *Evening Post* to have said that the principle of long-time payments for the settlement of the German indemnity, no matter what readjustments may be made in the amounts or in the exact time of the payment, will revolutionize world-finance, and the finance of the United States in particular. This is putting it mildly, we should say; and the word revolutionize has here a suave, conservative sound. It certainly will mean a new basis for credit. But we beg to move the previous question. How is it possible to maintain *any* credit-system while sixty millions of people in Europe are reduced to a status of economic slavery? Can a manufacturing nation of Germany's population live in helotage for forty years without disastrously affecting the welfare of other industrial nations? Never mind about Germany; what about the others? The policy of all payers and no buyers may seem sound to French politicians, but no business man on earth will agree with them. Let Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand ruin Germany if they like; no one is talking about revenge or its justification. How, simply, can they do it without ruining France and England too? If anyone can answer that question, he is emphatically the man of the hour. Furthermore, how will the terms affect Italy, the Balkans, the new States carved out of Austro-Hungary, Poland and Russia? Can these countries recover and thrive while Germany is prevented from using their markets freely and fully? If so, just how can it be done? Mr. Willis H. Booth says:

There can manifestly be no permanent settlement of business conditions in the world until Russia again is restored to a productive basis. While this task will devolve more or less upon all the nations interested, owing to long-established channels of operation, it will no doubt be primarily more the task of Germany than of any other country.

True enough, but by all the laws of economic logic, is not that the very reason why a prosperous Germany is essential if Europe is to be restored to a productive basis?

Suppose it were actually possible to coerce Germany into paying, how would it be done? By marching in and taking possession; just march in and "ground arms"! That is the helpful idea of the French intransigent, but it would cost a great deal of good money to do that, and this would undoubtedly increase the French national debt, unless of course, the United States Government repeated its late magnanimous action and paid the bill. But just at this time we have precious little money afloat even for domestic industrial investment. Our own national debt is heavy enough as it is; 1923 is bringing maturity on our first crop of bonds, and refunding is expensive; and if our associates in the late war can not pay their loans or the interest on them, the American tax-payer and rent-payer must pay. Would it not then be better for everybody to think soberly of Europe as an economic unit? Revenge is generally regarded as an exquisite luxury, but if Europe must be ruined for the sake of ruining Germany, the price is too high. One's only comfort is in the reflection that if the politicians only keep at it long enough, everybody will learn what ignorant nincompoops they are, one and all, and will decide that the only people to deal with economic questions are those who know something about the working of economic laws.

A NEEDED INQUEST.

Two weeks ago we quoted with approval Dr. Charles W. Eliot's observation that very few Americans can hear straight or see straight, and also his remark upon the extraordinary and dismaying credulity displayed by the American people towards flying rumours and news of the day. Dr. Eliot was speaking to a congress of educators in Boston; and our comment was that he was undoubtedly right in pointing out this untoward development, but while the educators might be ever so well aware of it and ever so deeply concerned, it was hard to see clearly what they could do in the premises. Dr. Eliot now writes us a courteous letter in reply to our misgivings, and sends us a newspaper-clipping which gives his practical suggestions for so improving education that the next batch of Americans may be less credulous and desultory than the present. He says:

The remedy for these grave evils is to be found in the improvement of popular education. The children must be taught to see straight, to remember what they see, hear, or read, and to be accurate and skilful in narration and description and in the use of their eyes, ears, and hands. Up to this date in the United States neither the public nor the private schools have done much in these directions, and accordingly American adults seldom possess these indispensable faculties. This reform in American schools must begin with the production of much better teachers than the normal schools and colleges have thus far supplied. The job is going to be a long and trying one, but good beginnings are now being made in the national Congress, some State legislatures, and a few boards of education.

All this is very true, although it is rather ruthlessly general and perhaps not greatly informative. One reads it with respect, but one feels nevertheless that if anyone but Dr. Eliot had said it, the managing editor's fishy eye would have appraised it as too commonplace to qualify for print. Still, no doubt, one should not expect Dr. Eliot to descend to the journeyman-work of analysis. What he says, at all events, leaves a great deal for other educators to say; and we wish they would undertake to say it, and say it explicitly.

For example, the reform, as Dr. Eliot says very truly, must begin with the production of better teachers. Now let some other educators tell us how they may be produced. First, how will the raw material of better teachers be attracted towards the profession? There, in our judgment, is one point which will bear no end of discussion. Our notion is that the life of a teacher has very little power of attraction. Hardly a day goes by but we hear very unfavourable things of it. Yet why should this be so? It is the greatest fun in the world to teach; yet, as education is organized in the United States, we ourselves—tell it not in Gath!—would not take a place on the staff of any school, college or university, as long as there remained a street to be swept, a porch to be climbed or a pocket to be picked. Other persons, much more competent than we—ideal raw material for teacherhood—assure us that they feel as we do; excellent teachers tell us the old, sad story of economic pressure and say that if they were only half-way to certainty that they could tide their dependents over the interim pending a change of work—and so forth and so on. We know or imagine we know, a few good reasons why teaching is unattractive; and money is not one of them, though the profession is poorly paid. But what we know, or think we know, is of little consequence; not enough to take up anyone's time. Let the educators themselves say what they know, or think they know; let them ventilate the whole question publicly, and

in the same free and explicit fashion that they use when they give it a little private airing more or less in confidence. It strikes us that this is the necessary first step towards the improvement that Dr. Eliot contemplates.

So we might go on with other points in Dr. Eliot's excellent discourse, but if we yielded to temptation, the first thing we knew we would be saying what we ourselves thought was the trouble with this or that feature of the problem, and giving our opinions on how best to carry out Dr. Eliot's programme; and this we have resolutely determined not to do. We wish merely to make the practical suggestion of a good old-fashioned symposium on the subject; a volume of a dozen or more essays, done by educators who are able and willing to speak right out in meeting, calling a spade a spade, or even under occasional stress of earnestness calling it a damned old shovel. When nominations are in order, we can designate a few of the best names in the country, if we are called on for that service. Let these educators remain anonymous if they must; but let them organize the work of going into the subject of American education with bare hands, from the kindergarten through the university, giving chapter and verse, name, date and place for everything they say, without one word of vacuous generalization or talkee-talkee. Then let them put these essays together and publish them, and from the date of their publication American education will begin to look up. Such a thing has never, to our knowledge, been done; and it most importunately needs doing. Plenty has been written about American education, but nothing of this order; no straightforward, natural, human and undiplomatic pursuance of the subject from end to end. When we contemplate the possibilities of such a volume of essays, merely as they appear to the casual experience and observation of an outsider, our one regret for not belonging to the profession is that we can not lend an active hand to the organization of the project.

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: III.

PORT SAID, 22 November, 1920.

My window in Paris, dear Eusebius, looked on to the Eiffel Tower: here I can not avoid seeing the effigy of M. de Lesseps on the breakwater. There is no leaving Europe behind and to match the enormous de Lesseps there is a very little Queen Victoria; but I do not really see either. I see ships and the blue Mediterranean behaving very nicely and throwing out little frills of lace, white in the sun. No need here to remember to be sparing of coal: no need to imagine that anything is required for happiness but health and a good day. Happiness, however, should be like health, not too constant or the power of sympathy is affected and it is through that that one can live most thoroughly, while the greatest benefactors of the human race are those through whom that power is enlarged. That being so by conviction, I do not rate either de Lesseps or Queen Victoria very highly and their monuments are very properly ugly and insignificant. Now for Shakespeare the sea itself is a monument and the sight of the yellow sands anywhere transports me into the middle of "The Tempest": yellow sands—and there take hands. That, however, does not seem to be the custom in Port Said which is surely one of the most inhuman towns in the world, unless, as I am beginning to think, the proper expression of humanity in these times is in big ships and great swinging cranes and light-houses throwing their long, ghostly arms round in the night. One does not take hands nowadays; one takes shares in a company that builds ships or railways or grain-elevators or hotels and then one travels by and lives in the property of various companies and falls in love, at sea, and out

again on land. One never takes hands and, as for tripping it, that is a mediaeval amusement which presumably has been improved on by the Fox Trot. Alas! I am mediaeval and can not trot like the fox.

Going ashore at Port Said is one thing: staying there is another. "Going ashore" anywhere is only a shade better than staying on the ship. You are a prey, a victim: you are travelling: *ergo*, you have money: it is the business of a ruthless horde to get it out of you. If, however, you land at Port Said and do not go on to Cairo you are such a fearful wild-fowl that the horde does not know what to make of you. You must either be some one very important or you must be in trouble. Why on earth should anyone stay in Port Said? It contains nothing: it is a mere hanger-on of the canal: its notorious wickedness is, as Port Said is perfectly aware, a shocking bore, as cheap and ridiculous and empty as the flashy bric-à-brac shops in the Rue de Rivoli in Paris or on the Piazza at Venice. Tourists must buy something and young men like to buy a little unsavoury experience to brag about. Ah! Port Said!—as the vulgar say: What about it?

To begin with, Port Said is in Africa which, with all due respect to America, is the continent of the future, as indeed the European races seem to have understood in the making of all their colonies, protectorates, zones of influence and territories. Another melting-pot, another U. S. A.? That I doubt. There could not be a Middle-West or a Philadelphia or a Chicago in Africa: both the sun and the earth are too fierce. The sun withers, the earth here rejects mediocrity, which is the reason why nineteenth-century mercantilism has made so little headway. The tropical regions will be made habitable, the water-problem in the highlands will be solved, but that will not subdue the spirit of those regions which have produced the lion, symbol everywhere of royalty.

I was there fifteen years ago on my first extra-European voyage but then I had no thought outside London and was no true traveller, a cub or a tourist filling in time before Life (with three or four capital L's) should begin. Then, arriving at Suez from Mombassa, we found that a dynamite-ship had blown up and the Canal was closed. Followed a rapid tour, Cairo, the Nile and Alexandria; but now nothing will induce me to make a tour. I must drift until I can find a place in which I can sit still and find out what I have been thinking, or, more important still, whether I have thought anything at all. In London it is impossible to sit still: the disturbance in the mental atmosphere is too disturbing—and then there is the Irish War. Here there is nothing to disturb: war or no war the ships must come and go. The Egyptians may go far in resisting British influence, but they will do nothing to arrest the world's commerce. The ships must come and go, each paying its toll to the British and French Governments whose gunboats are lying only a stone's throw away, the British as clean as a new sovereign, the French as dirty as a five-centimes note. If there were war between France and England would they blow each other out of the water and vent at last their irritation at each other's respective cleanliness and dirtiness? I fancy the French would go ashore with a shrug of the shoulders. The French understand war on land, the British at sea: both understand the spoils of war, for last night, while I took a miniature voyage in a motor-boat down the canal by moonlight my boatman pointed out a fine ship and said:

"Now English ship: before, German."

And again as we shot under the lowering stern of a great vessel moored in mid-channel near the Company's building:

"French ship now: before, German."

And again pointing to a long, low warehouse with a wharf:

"Before, German house: English Government take and sell to one man Cox."

Moon and stars become infinitely more important in these countries that have a clear, dry air. They are nearer and brighter, and have a more intimate share in

human life. They, too, are objects in space (if there is such a thing), move, change, exist by the immense, irresistible impulse which we deduct from our always erroneous impressions and call Life. When the light-house-ray shines on the storm-cone by the lantern the storm-cone looks very like the moon and extremely unlike itself, and probably it is the same with the moon when the sun lights it up: and it is possible that the sun itself is an illusion. Not that it matters as long as we can find our way among illusions, which is all that, practically speaking, is required of us. An illusion that has a practical significance must proceed from some reality, and the notion that I am sitting in Port Said has a relationship to a real event the measure of whose truth is the joy I have in it. That is considerable: though not acute: for that I need more humanity than is here available, I mean, of course, humanity of a quality to speak and to understand my own language, rather Biblical, a little puritanical, and perhaps rather dry in flavour. I might find it here if I looked for it, but I am in no mood to do that and, indeed, I am slowly learning that it is never found when sought. A person or a group of persons perceives a rhythm which relates humanity both to the universe outside itself and to the world within itself, and then comes a flood of certainty, of awareness, of love. Everything tends towards that, even, perhaps especially, the triumphs of engineering by, for and through which we are all—all of us assembled here in Port Said through our ships—agreed to live. That seems to me to be the cardinal fact of modern life and all other facts, all contrary theories, must bend to it. It means the creation of a whole new society round it and all the patriotisms in the world can not avert that necessary reconstruction. We live now through railways and ports and not through governments and the *corps diplomatique* and that is why the old public ideas are worthless and destructive, attempting to block progress with preposterous agreements like the Treaty of Versailles or to turn it to the service of bourgeois ideals through the League of Nations.

I am in Port Said precisely because I am determined to rid myself of political ideas and ideals. An immense stride has been made in human progress and it is necessary patiently to discover, if possible, the extent of it. That can only be done if every man minds his own business. And if politics are his business? That can not be, for politics are proved, by the war and the peace, to be useless and injurious, and henceforth can be no more than a mischievous and fussy form of idleness. My business is to discover in humanity that particular quality which gives me the divinest joy of which I am capable and to express it in word and deed. It is no matter to me where in this world I may find myself. Wherever I can sit still and be in active peace I am at home. If I pursue my business I can make my living. There is no doubt of that for me or for any man. If my business, as it has done, takes me to Port Said, then I ask to be nowhere else. The sun shines on me by day, and the moon or the stars by night, the ships go by and I bow my head in reverence before the splendour of God and man.

GILBERT CANNAN.

OUR SOUTH-EASTERN FRONTIER.

Hammock-land, as Floridians call the lower, hard-wood forests of the State, is not altogether unbeautiful, but its aspect is almost as completely melancholy as landscape can be. Western desert, or the immense, flat fecundity of the prairies is no gayer, Heaven knows, but there is grandeur in the one and the dignity of utility in the other. But the hammocks of Florida are neither grand nor serviceable to man, except, perhaps, in abetting the pathetic fallacy. As you look out upon this wilderness through the streaked window of the red sleeping-car in the waning light of a winter afternoon, you may see, if you choose, a reflection of your deepest secret sorrow. You could weep.

So this is Central Florida—this crepuscular land of magnolia, live-oak and cypress shrouded with grey moss. The trees stand in a heavy undergrowth of scrub-palm or in green or copperish water. Here and there the dense foliage is broken against a slate sky by the stark limbs of some deciduous tree—a hickory, walnut, or turkey-oak. The little train jolts on past a squalid village of unpainted houses set close to the sand that flanks the right-of-way, and you get a glimpse of a dingy general store, a short-order restaurant and the inevitable Coca-Cola bottling-works. Around the tiny station is a crowd of black and brown and old ivory faces, and among them, a scattering of white faces, anaemic and emaciated. The train plunges again into the hammocks, and presently, on a low wooden trestle, is crossing a wide river. The stream has no distinct boundaries, but sprawls out into cypress-swamps on either side. Down the melancholy vista of these sluggish waters you may see a twisted, lofty pine etched against an incandescent rose—beautiful, some of these glimpses—but, oh, such deep and exotic gloom. You regret that you became detached from the Havana Express at Jacksonville. You remember the sapphire lagoons and shining beaches of the East Coast.

Although I had denied myself the hope of any social or aesthetic satisfactions in this new country, my heart was very low as I made my first journey through the hammocks, but I had decided that if a living could be got out of clearing this wilderness and planting it to oranges, grapefruit and tangerines, I would forgo the rest. The unexpected happened. After a seven month's stay in Polk County, I came to love the land and the people so much, that afterwards, when I left them for a season to explore the irrigated valleys of the North-west, I was seized with a strong nostalgia.

It is difficult to analyse the enchantment that this region of the South-east can work during a short residence. Northerners who have fallen in love with its amenities smile blandly when you are about to return to your native forty degrees of latitude and say, "Oh, you'll be back one of these days. You'll find you've got sand in your shoes." This quaint expression for an attachment to the sandy soil of Central Florida that can seize you so quickly and so insidiously will echo in your mind as the flame of the Northern autumn subsides. You will remember how the benignity of that high, shining blue heaven meets its warm reflection at the end of a corridor of green and gold orange trees in one of the hundred lakes that surround Winter Haven. You will hear the sweet, monotonous complaint of the mourning dove, the sudden musical caprices of the mocking bird, or a snatch of "the blues" chanted by a Negro labourer as he hoes away beggar-weed from the bronze trunks of the grove. You will feel again on bare arms and neck that affable warmth of winter-sunshine that strikes into the heart.

When I made my first visit I was not immediately aware of the charm of the Lake Country. I saw a flat monotony of orange-grove and pine barren, relieved here and there by the slight contours that the natives ingenuously call hills. It seemed a fine, prosperous country after the dismal hours spent in the hammocks, but, relatively unbeautiful, when one recalled the shining beaches and lagoons that extend from Matanzas to Jupiter

Light. But gradually I awakened to a quality of the picturesque that is rich and varied and omnipresent. The evenly-spaced rows of all these many square miles of grove seem at first to dominate with a rigid pattern, as utilitarian and uninteresting as a kitchen-garden; but this is only the first impression and a superficial one. The day comes when this straightness and monotony of line are accepted and serve admirably to frame fragments of exquisite beauty. It is the charm of vista that finally wins the newcomer who is an amateur in natural beauty. The Central Florida scene is never grand or panoramic, of course. It is enjoyed in glimpses, down the avenues of fruit trees that gently ascend to the warm, blue sky or descend to the more variable blue of the lakes. It is revealed in Japaneseque etchings that the darkening orange trees frame in the momentary sub-tropical twilight, in the isolated pine or palm, lofty, sinuous and moss-garlanded that you may see silhouetted against a lurid afterglow or the sudden flame of dawn.

Late in the evening, the Tampa sleeper and its convoy of baggage-cars and Jim Crow day-coaches arrives at a small, darkened station named Lake Alfred. From this junction one rides seven or eight miles down a spur of the Atlantic Coast Line to Winter Haven. When I reached the end of a ten-thousand-mile excursion there last December, the little town seemed a replica of Wapato, Sunnyside or Toppenish in the Yakima Valley district of Washington where I had spent the summer. Frontier towns of the United States, nowadays, are soon transformed from the primitive squalour of corrugated iron and unpainted frame-shacks to the quasi-suburban aspect of brick, stone and plate-glass window-display.

Ten years ago Winter Haven was as dreary a little outpost as you could have seen on the boundaries of civilization. The "early settlers" of 1910, who cleared so many acres of the high pine-land hereabouts and planted these thousands upon thousands of citrus trees that pattern the softly-rolling hills as far as the eye can see, can tell you how they used to ride horseback into town, like buckayros of the South-west, and tie up at the rail fence before a whitewashed, corrugated-iron structure that harboured the post-office and all the retail business of the district under its tar-paper roof. The drug-store that occupies this site to-day is as well stocked and as garishly furnished with plate-glass and imitation-mahogany as any in the New York suburban area. Where, a few years ago, the planters' horses stamped in the deep sand before the general-store, automobiles of the medium-priced and more expensive varieties are now parked on asphalt against stone-curbings. Down the main street you may see several good façades of white stone in a wall of brick and clapboard. The bank building, of course, is the finest temple in the town and its architecture and construction are faultless.

In the Winter Haven district of Polk County, in fact, the stage is so well set with the trappings and regalia of material civilization, that it seems to be stretching the point to call this a frontier. But, at the very least, the region is immediately *arrière de la frontière*, to paraphrase a term of modern warfare. Ten years ago it was the extreme of the advance into the forested hinterland of Central Florida, and even to-day, not far from the outskirts of the town, gangs of white and coloured labourers are cutting out the long-leaf pine woods and turn-

ing the first furrows in a virgin soil that seven years from to-day will be producing the first crop of citrus fruits. It is literally, "the conquest of a wilderness" that is taking place in the environs of a town that enjoys all the meretricious comforts of civilization—light, heat and power, tiled bathrooms, period furniture and an eighteen-hole golf course.

II

The society of the "early settlers" of Polk County was democratic, in the sense that no social distinctions were made between proprietor and overseer, or between overseer and white labourer, between the wholesale and retail trade. The society of the planters is still much more accessible to the newly-successful in real estate or orange-growing than is the *haute bourgeoisie* of older communities to persons who are professionally or commercially on the make. But the major caste lines of "Yankee," "cracker" and "nigger," cut across by the economic designations of "labour" and "capital" are fast hardening in the brittle and insecure stratification that threatens earthquake in so many parts of the world to-day.

During my first season in this society, I ran the gamut of caste, meeting everyone at every level as a "social equal." On a Sunday afternoon, drinking tea on the veranda of some owner of orange latifundia, I heard expressed the contempt of the Yankee planter for the "cracker" merchant or labourer. The next day, at noon, seated on the floor of a two-room, unpainted "help-house," eating my lunch from a dinner-pail with a group of pickers of Abraham Lincoln's social tradition, I would hear diatribes against the arrogance of the Yankees. Under a blossoming Tardiff one hot March noon-day, I was amazed to hear three Negro labourers reveal a degree of economic "class-consciousness" that confirmed a rumour I had picked up that a revolutionary organization was secretly spreading radical propaganda among the Negroes of the district.

The feeling of the "crackers," or "poor whites," was generally merely an outraged sense of having lost in a few years the traditional American birth-right of social equality. They did not theorize about the economic phase of their social inferiority. They were ready to admit that the Yankees were on top because of a superior ability, but they deeply resented all the contempt that the word "cracker" connotates. The Negroes, on the other hand—or the most intelligent of them—talked the jargon of social revolutionaries, and, unlike the "crackers," seemed to look forward to forming a solid front against the employing class. They spoke even of the possibility of a *rapprochement* between white and coloured labourers, citing as a hopeful indication that a strike in the phosphate mines in the south of the county had been fought by the blacks and whites, shoulder to shoulder, without friction between the racial groups, who were organized in separate locals of the Miners' and Smelters' Union of the American Federation of Labour. As the first sign of a realignment, on economic grounds, of the two races for the common purpose of bettering their living conditions, this experience of the phosphate miners seems hopeful. It minimizes the menace of Negro revolt by calling a truce in the battle between black and white labour that the employing class in the South is always

furnishing with the munitions of race-feeling, as they play one group against the other.

The planters and overseers are either indifferent to or ignorant of the amount of agitation that goes on among the coloured labourers. Wherever there is a local and acute manifestation of unrest resulting from this, the club is administered, at least figuratively speaking; and once, to my knowledge, quite literally, when a Negro was struck down with an iron bar at one of the packing-houses for refusing to obey an order from a foreman. But physical violence of this sort is unusual except at election time. A demand for higher wages, or even a rumour that a request of this sort is to be made, may be met with a brusque refusal or by the discharge of the entire group that makes it or is said to be about to make it. Last winter the force of coloured labourers on one large grove was paid off and discharged one Saturday afternoon because the foreman had learned that the Negroes were standing together to ask for an increase from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a day. He lined up the men at the end of the day and said to them "If any of you—'niggers' thinks he is worth more than \$2.50 a day, speak up." The group answered in chorus that they needed the increase to keep up with the cost of living which was rising sharply at that time.

"Then take your pay and get the hell off the grove," the overseer roared. With traditional docility, the Negroes filed out through the plantation gate; but some one, somewhere in the district, black or white, I. W. W. or A. F. of L., or a member of some secret Negro organization undoubtedly pointed a lesson from this typical violation of a human right.

The cheapness and docility of labour, black and white, is the very foundation of the prosperity of the planter caste. Yankee capital and administrative capacity, the low cost of unimproved land and ideal climatic conditions for growing citrus fruits are immense factors contributing to the rapid development of this region that was wilderness ten or fifteen years ago. But, if it were not for this astonishing tractability of labour it is doubtful whether successful planters could realize nearly every year as great a return as twenty per cent on their investment. In some few cases the return has been as high as forty per cent and in years of unusually adverse climatic and market conditions the percentage has seldom been less than ten on invested capital. In the Yakima Valley, one of the most prosperous of the Western irrigated regions, a casual labourer would laugh derisively at a rancher who might have the temerity to offer him the wages of a Florida "cracker." "What' ye doing, Mister, kiddin' me or just givin' me a good time?" he would query caustically; and the rancher himself could not hope in a banner year to make as much on his forty acres of apples as the citrus planter makes in a good average year.

But here, in Florida, the great hordes of undernourished Negroes and "poor whites" have never known a higher standard of living than they now enjoy. They are as friable under the intimidations of the employing classes as the thin, sandy soil of the groves beneath the harrows. The supreme control of the landlords has never been contested and has only recently been menaced distantly by the prospect of labour organization. This threat has come from the southern end of Polk County, where the topsoil is being stripped and the subsoil plac-

ered for pebble phosphate (rich deposits that produce more than forty per cent of the world's output of this fertilizing agent), by thousands of white and Negro labourers who have recently been organized by the American Federation of Labour. The large and militant local of the Miners' and Smelters' Union that was organized during the war, is just beginning to infect the citrus workers with the union idea. The contagion was spread in the orange groves during the eight months' strike that won for the miners a shorter working-day and slightly higher wages. Strikers came into the picking-gangs to "make expenses" while the strike was on, and many of them ignored the danger of losing their temporary jobs, being "red-listed" and refused employment for talking the union-idea. The propaganda of these men might have spread very rapidly this year if the depression in the industrial centres of the North had not flooded Central Florida with a large surplus of labour. Until this surplus is reabsorbed in the North, the planters may count upon the normal inertia of "cracker" and "nigger" labour.

An easily manageable working-class will continue to clear, plough and plant new land, to graft, prune, spray, cultivate, and fertilize these more than twenty thousand acres of orange groves; to haul, pick and pack the hundreds of thousands of boxes of fruit that are shipped from the exchanges to the large accessible markets of the North. The delightful society of the planters will continue to oversee its overseers, during the months of the year when it is pleasant to live in Polk County. More hotels and more charming villas, Italian and Spanish, will be built on the shores of these sapphire lakes and the proprietors will continue to play bridge, charity-poker, and golf while the lower castes are drudging through the day and the week, living for sundown and pay-day, for the heavy torpor that follows the evening meal of "white meat" and bread and syrup, for the Sunday fishing excursion, or for the compensating excitements of dice, "skin-game," moonshine and shooting affrays.

EDWARD T. BOOTH.

JUDAS TRIUMPHANT.

At a time when the printing-presses of all the late belligerent Powers are gorged with memoirs, confessions, apologies, calumnies, justifications of all sorts; in short, with all the uneasy manifestations of that mysterious impulse which causes the murderer to revisit the scene of his crime; it is perhaps not inappropriate to review the activities of the Christian Church during the war, modestly and in "a spirit of love," as a celebrated ecclesiastic, the Reverend Mr. Chadband, has put it.

There was a time when the social rôle of the Church seemed by no means to be despised. It is not always fair to judge an institution by its weakest link, and it is only just to recall that, towards the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, there appeared to be some shadowy inkling in the collective clerical mind that such a thing as an obligation to the merely physical improvement of mankind did actually exist. It was a time when Huysmans, one of the most unfraternal of Catholics, could write: "One can not honestly prepare the poor for a better world without first rendering the present one a little more possible." This sort of talk had proved singularly disastrous

to Lamennais and Lacordaire forty years before, but other times, other manners. Cardinal Manning gave conferences to strikers at Bermondsey, and was rewarded by being austerely rebuked by the *Saturday Review* for his unepiscopal behaviour. A score of guilds and societies, sporting a pale pink hue of socialistic theory, sprang up in the Anglo-Catholic wing of the English Church, a movement parodied by Mr. Bernard Shaw in "Candida." Leo XIII, in a somewhat amusing encyclical, stated that the strong owed certain obligations to the weak, and the employer to the workingman. No one seems to have pointed out to his Holiness that, considering the passage of nineteen centuries, it was a little odd that the Viceroy of the Holy Ghost had never discovered this fact before.

It was the genial and ambiguous hour when all the world played blindman's buff in fancy dress up and down the graceful and mouldering stairways of Heartbreak House. Why indeed should there not be Christian socialists and even Christian pacifists? Surely it was not unnatural that theories of social equity should be harmlessly discussed among the official descendants of an apostolic band which itself had practised the purest communism, and that lovers of fraternity and good-will should be found under the banners of Him who was called the Prince of Peace and who had delivered a new commandment, that men love one another. Liberalism is always a becoming mode in a corrupt and unjust society. Pacifism is always well viewed in time of peace.

The outbreak of the war tested the value of all this fine talk, and the Church, generally speaking, woke up suddenly to the fact that it had permitted itself to indulge in a great deal of idealistic nonsense, very dangerous to the interests of its indispensable partner, the nationalist State. For, heaven knows, the two have need of each other, and were made for each other. The Church has never been separated from her destined spouse, except for a very brief period, while she was, so to speak, in the age of puberty, and while some trifling difference of religion still existed between the couple. Then, indeed, for a few painful years, the Bride of Christ was scandalously mobbed and persecuted, just as, in our days, she herself has persecuted and denied the poor heroic consciences who have ventured to appeal against her to the Heart of Jesus. But ever since the days of the first Christian emperor, the Church and the State have found each other very much to their taste. Save for one or two marital tiffs, very natural in so long a union, as when the spouse showed himself a bit sulky in the matter of provender, and the Sacred Cow was constrained to low a little louder for tithes, it has been a happy and profitable match, because (to sum up) both have seen the world, so to speak, with the same eyes; both have recognized the comparative valuelessness of human lives, where their own interests were concerned; and both have kept ever before their attention like a Sangraal the ardent Vision of the Blessed Cash-Box.

But because man—poor incontinent fool that he is, always looking for a little peace and happiness in this life—might unreasonably refuse to be slaughtered by the million for the sake of a Cash-Box by no means his own, each of the partners has had to invent a consoling mythology so that the brave might die with stout hearts and good grace. The mythology of the State is called Patriotism,

La Patrie, the Fatherland, My Country, as you please. The mythology of the Church is called Heaven, Paradise, Salvation, the Future Life, and so forth. The result of this brilliant imaginative collaboration must have exceeded all hopes. Fifteen million dead, and as many blinded, mutilated and incapacitated, and all in half a dozen years—it is a dazzling triumph for authority and religion. After that, no one can honestly say that the Church has failed.

For no one who appreciates the indisputable authority which the Roman Church, to name only one, exercises upon its adherents, can doubt that if the Holy Father, at the beginning of the conflict, had commanded the combatants to lay down their arms in the name of a religion which seeks peace and forbids murder, the butchery would have been stopped. A concerted movement against the war even among the Protestant churches would have accomplished amazing and "demoralizing" results. One is well aware that such arguments as these are not realistic, that things do not happen that way. But granting for a moment a militantly pacifist Church, and the result would have been realistic beyond the wildest dreams. The point is, of course, that the Christian Church does not seek peace and does not abhor murder—that is, murder in a good cause, and what better cause could there be than to help turn an atheistical world back to the Lord God by means of a little healthy blood-letting? Before the first year was out, they had all, Catholics and Protestants alike, joined in accepting the war as an undisguised blessing. The churches were full, men had begun to think a great deal about death, always a good thing for religion, miraculous affairs like the business of the Angels of Mons. made people reflect; in short, things were going well, both for God and the Cash-Box.

Of course, the Church had to revise her formulæ pretty briskly after that ante-bellum phase of humanitarian mummery and, to do her justice, she left no sophistry, however irrelevant, however idiotic, unexploited. All the shepherds had excellent arguments at their fingers' ends, but to have employed these arguments would have weakened that celestial conception of the Church as the poor man's friend which they knew would have to be taken up again and worked for all it was worth when the unpleasantness was over. The truth is that they were all a little dazed with the task which the governments had assigned them, of popularizing an unintelligible war with their more humble flocks; they were in truth a little drunk with the dazzling prospect of sending men to die for God and Country with no discomfort to themselves. It is not often that a somewhat discredited institution has the chance to rise to such an occasion, to preside at so grand a show. But they all did their bit and fought the good fight. Flags were blessed in all the sanctuaries. Eloquent sermons were preached on innumerable variants of the topic: Is it Wrong to Hate Your Enemies? the answer invariably being that, under the circumstances, it would be very wrong not to do so. As for the more erudite in the tortuous history of their sect, they dived deep into exegesis, and brought up all sorts of ingenious arguments to prove that there are good wars and bad wars, that a war is always good when it is waged by us, but that it is always a revolting atrocity when it is waged by the enemy. Vincent of Beauvais, who, it appears, was a great Catholic

father of theology, defined "a just war" on the basis of three conditions: (1) that it be declared by a legitimate authority; (2) that the cause be just; (3) that the intention of the belligerent be right. On the basis of this reasoning, the late war could not have been anything but just, since it was declared by a whole collection of legitimate authorities: M. Poincaré, the Kaiser, the Czar, the King of the Belgians, George V, Franz Josef, Victor Emmanuel, Wilson *et tutti quanti*. The cause must needs have been doubly just since all these authorities evoked the name of justice on both sides at the same time. As for the intention of each of the belligerents, it was unquestionably right . . . right into the pockets of the conquered. Had not the Crusaders said it all in their celebrated phrase, "*Honneur et Proufict*"? At all events, the voice of the Church was clear: "A new commandment I give unto you, that you kill one another."

Before the war, certain unreflecting souls were asking just what place the Christian Church filled in the modern world. Nietzsche had said that the State was invented to kill off the surplus population, but where would the State be without its spiritual ally to supply a palliative by reminding men that in losing life they gain the skies? It is a matter for rejoicing that in England and America at least, the State has not been ungrateful; for all ministers of religion were gratefully exempted from military service, and the bishops of the United Kingdom fortified this privilege by declaring that "it was deemed wiser that no priest volunteer for combatant service," on the ground that the Church of Christ abhors bloodshed: *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*.

The truth is, as Michelet said, these people have a cult of corruption, an open and sadistic devotion to pain and death. From this comes their contempt for human lives, that is, the lives of others, their fear and hatred of love, of the senses, of the body, of everything which embellishes this poor human existence which they despise. From this comes their indifference to suffering and poverty and ignorance, for they know well that it is only in his misery that man turns to the invisible consolations, the supernatural opiates, by which they live.

Now that the debauch is over, the Bride of Christ is still sleeping off the fumes of her intoxication, and if she ever wakes up, she may find herself in jail like the Church of France under the Reign of Terror. She had her great opportunity on the eve of the war, and she made her great refusal. Men were beginning to imagine that all is not achieved by statistics, and that the Church might, after all, count for something in the improvement and embellishment of life. Now it is too late. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when man rising chainless from the ruins will demand: "What have I to do with you who betrayed me in the time of torment and by whose aid millions of my brothers are dead, you who denied your Master like the cowardly apostle, and warmed your hands at the fire?"

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

THE COLLEGE EDUCATION OF ROSS KIMBALL

EVEN during his four years at the small Connecticut college which calls itself Winchester University, Ross Kimball had felt himself to be a protagonist pounded upon by conflicting forces in the shifting drama of American life. Graduation found him far more assured, liberated, expansive than he had been when he had stepped onto the stage on matriculation day; but it took several years more for him to understand with any completeness the dangers he had run, and the as-

sistance accident had rendered; it took time and further experience for him to see clearly the lines of the drama's pattern. He decided eventually that there had been four acts, each corresponding roughly to his freshman, sophomore, junior and senior years. He also decided that his college, like all other colleges probably, was, indeed, as its upholders boasted, "an epitome of the American world outside."

At the rise of the curtain, Ross Kimball was only seventeen. Because he had outgrown his strength and because of his near-sightedness, he was not an adept in athletics. He had, however, a mind which had so far easily surmounted the scholastic curriculum. He liked very much to read and occasionally to write; but he concealed his literary inclinations, for he feared that he was "odd," and he did not like the friction which was engendered thereby. Later on, he learned that there was nothing unusual about him, he was merely a drifting example of what the psychologists call the introverted masochistic type intimidated by a community predominantly extroverted and sadistic. All the time he was dimly conscious that something had been missing from his childhood and adolescence. There had been a sterility, a drabness about these periods which had made young Kimball discontented and eager for college. His had been a sheltered life in a Methodist clergyman's family, and his social contacts had been fewer and less varied than those of the majority of his school companions. College seemed to offer an escape from limitations which he perceived indistinctly but could not define.

He went up to Winchester therefore, expectant, timid, plastic and ill-prepared. The only measuring-rod he carried was a Puritan standard which had been handed him by his family. He had accepted it without question and was on guard against dancing, swearing, lying, drinking, stealing, gambling and unchastity. Winchester was ready for him; with its actual and well-organized processes masked under the visual charm of old ivy-clad brownstone, with its strenuous flamboyant youth poised against a background of tradition and age, and with all the vivacity, camaraderie and pseudo-Bohemianism of its outward life. An active, gay, stimulating community, Ross thought it to be, and he determined that he would enter into its life to the fullest, except for certain moral reservations. The only sinister forces that might lurk, so it seemed to him, beneath this attractive mask, were temptations to break the Puritan code. The nearest he came at that time to an analysis of himself and his environment, was to feel rather vaguely that he was a little piece of impressionable wax being introduced into a powerful stamping machine—but he was inclined to welcome the thrusting pistons.

His father, twenty years before, had belonged to one of the three big fraternities on the campus, and to this fraternity inside of a week Ross was pledged, although there had been considerable hesitation about extending a bid to him. Ross had been desparingly anxious to secure the approval of one of the fraternities, most of all of his father's; he, therefore, accepted the bid with joy and thus was caught by a still more concentrated and intense force than even the college campus itself when he joined the little group of dapper youths in the greystone mansion which they used for a clubhouse.

If this short paper were expanded to a novel's length, it would be proper to analyse minutely our hero's psychology, to depict the gradual change in his attitude and habits, and to describe and exemplify the forces brought to bear upon him. But such an essay as this need concern itself only with the general, relatively universal implications and results of Ross's college education and can neglect much that is specific and unique.

As time went on, Ross gradually adopted as his standards those which he observed in the life around him, never attempting to formulate any of his own from within himself. Indeed, he scarcely even questioned these outside standards. They came to him with authority from older students who dressed better than he did, were more popular, and were more expert in the ways of college society. So the wax took the impress of the stamp as well as it could. His Puritan code of conduct was soon overthrown. When June of his freshman year came, he danced, swore freely, smoked a great deal, and gambled a little, though cards bored him and he could not afford to lose. On the subject of women, he had become tolerant, and frequently picked up "chippies" on Main Street. He was restrained, however, from carrying these casual forays through to climaxes by a course of lectures on sex hygiene, delivered by one of the college professors, a stuffy little botanist of sixty whom he regarded as a scientific authority. In later years, however, Ross doubted whether he ever felt more contempt for anyone than he felt for the little man who had used his pseudo-science as a club

with which to scare young men into the Puritan attitude. Ross finally came to believe that the professor's teaching might be wholly explained by the fact that he was also the superintendent of a local Sunday-school.

The second act, sophomore year, therefore began, with Ross deprived of even the one ill-made resistance he had formerly possessed. The wax was softer than ever; and college and fraternity public opinion, despising "greasy grinds," ministerial aspirants (who were generally poor and unkempt) and quiet contemplation, and exalting a shallow, irresponsible "smoothness," imbedded its mark in the wax at will. Ross was now imbued with a craving for popularity. He studied the popular upper-classmen and tried to imitate them. The things they condemned, he condemned; the things they praised, he praised. His studies fell to a bare passing point; he stopped any reading outside of "required readings"; he engaged in every possible college and fraternity activity; and repeated the rubber-stamp sneers and witticisms of his community. But somehow, despite his desperate efforts, he could not manage to achieve a respected position among his "brothers." The mistakes of his freshman year seemed to cling to him; he was considered a little "crude"; he was valuable to his fraternity neither as athlete, student, nor social star; there were even some who regretted his election. Consequently he received little consideration and was eventually grossly discriminated against in a complicated bit of fraternity politics. After two years of unremitting effort he had failed to gain the approval of his associates. At the end of it all they had turned against him, and no voice had spoken for him. The wound was ugly and deep and sprayed with salt water. His pride was knotted into tatters, and the pain of it kept him awake at night. Failure blared at him like a cornet when he tried to sleep.

College closed and Ross went home at the end of his second year to rally for his crisis. The fact from which he could not hide was the revelation that he had been definitely thrown back upon himself. He had failed to conform well enough to the standards outside himself. He had yearned towards them with the fluidity of a jelly-fish when it is subjected to chemicals which attract it, but as he was approaching these standards, he had been contemptuously kicked away. If he continued to accept them, he would always remain among the discarded. As his pride gradually recovered its strength, he revolted. The centre of gravity of his relation to his environment moved slowly from the environment to himself. He made up his mind to choose and judge for himself, to become aggressive and contemptuous towards his rivals.

Ross went back to Winchester determined to resist intimidation. He took a room outside the clubhouse, he cultivated friendships in other fraternities, and generally fought his fraternity with its own weapons. But, after all, it was only a parallel struggle. Such standards as Ross now guided himself by, differed little from those projected by his environment. The difference now was that he followed them with a more personal sanction and with less subservience than before. It was a decisive change and yet the objectives throughout his junior year were much the same as they had been hitherto.

At midyear came his contact with Easton Trommers. Trommers was a dark, wiry, passionate lad of twenty. He had received a partial education in England, but the European war, from which physical disability debarred him, had driven him to an American university. He had but one outstanding merit from a fraternity viewpoint, the possession of an ample income, but that fact proved sufficient to induce a spirited bidding in which Ross's fraternity won. In a week or two, it became evident that the catch had landed a queer fish. Trommers was apparently a voracious reader, a laughing antagonist of conventions, a holder of eccentric theories—in short, "a crazy fool." He soon gravitated toward Ross and found the latter almost the only company he could endure. Ross, for his part, had been undergoing in his loneliness a vague resuscitation of interest in reading and writing. Trommers amazed him and stimulated him and shocked him. He also shocked the rest of the community, which after all turned out to be basically Puritan. Ross argued with him over his "immoralism." Trommers advanced an exposition of pessimism. Ross made an apology for optimism. Trommers sneered at Christianity. Ross quoted from somebody on the higher criticism of the Bible. Trommers loaned him "De Profundis." Ross found it strangely appealing, but returned it with the comment that it was "unhealthy." Trommers took him to a socialist lecture. Ross was impressed by it, read Wells's "New Worlds for Old," and began, after a while, to consider himself a socialist,

arguing that socialism was really "practical Christianity." Both Ross and Trommers did some occasional writing for the *Winchester Literary Monthly*.

This half-year was an exciting intellectual turmoil for Ross. Trommers was both shock and tonic; Ross was resistance. Ross's acceptance of undergraduate standards, which aside from minor scruples of conduct coincided with those he had met at home, had made him fairly rigid. Trommers pointed to unsuspected depths, to startling horizons. Ross's first look was immediately followed by denial, yet he could not forget these new vistas. This time he had been challenged fairly, not underhandedly put aside. He answered the challenge and—as he began the fourth act, his senior year—at length concluded that his answers were weak. That final year saw him accept, one after the other, almost all the standards advanced by Trommers. What Ross's lethal lecture-courses had never in the feeblest way accomplished, one talkative, alert youngster had achieved in eight months. Ross awoke into an intellectual life, chaotic and blundering as adolescence itself, but equally vivid and thrilling.

To describe the gradual unfolding of Ross's mind, the quickening of his feelings until they responded exquisitely and fully to the appropriate stimuli, is a task for a novelist; the mere essayist perforce can only state that the battered wax by happy accident escaped from the stamping machine, had new life infused in it, and eventually became fashioned into something more free and more interesting, possibly more beautiful than the mould which college society had designed for it.

Just before he graduated Ross contributed an article to the *Winchester Literary Monthly*. It was, all in all, a bitter article and contained some extravagances which Ross later abandoned. Its publication resulted in the establishment of a faculty-committee on student-publications which undertook a censorship thereafter. I am tempted to quote the following paragraphs:

We have an expression at Winchester and at other colleges, 'rounding off the rough edges.' It is supposed to mean the process of taking a green, uncultivated freshman and training him into a smooth, polished, sophisticated man of the world by his senior year. Sophisticated? Good God! This product, who is virgin to the amours of Schnitzler's Anatol, who has never learned to speak another language besides English, who can not talk intelligently about a painting, who thinks Broadway cooking is *par excellence*, who has never heard of Berlioz or Henry James or Montaigne, this simpleton reeking of the hotel-foyer, limousine magnificence and big-business push, this simpleton we call sophisticated, i. e. one who is complicated, a trifle tired with refinements, skilled in the art of living! . . .

What really happens is this. Every fall some thousands of young lads enter our colleges, most of whom—even those who have been through those devastating institutions, our 'best' preparatory schools—are more or less differentiated from each other, ready to germinate into individuals. Then we start in 'rounding off the rough edges.' Does that mean encouraging the unique elements of their personalities to flower? Does that mean sharpening their intellects, teaching their emotions finer discriminations? Not one bit! It means, on the contrary, the inculcation of an insidiously infectious contempt for all these things; it means that whatever is most individual must be lopped off; it means the moulding of these freshmen, who in their variety are so pregnant of a diversity of good things, into one design. 'Rounding off the rough edges' is standardizing. . . .

The college faculties connive at all this. Culture is presented by them, not as something essentially living, anarchic, greater than all business, political or military exploits, fatal to slackness and surface grubbing; it is presented apologetically, as something remote, unpractical, an academic pastime which may some day be a business or social asset. They are wholly subservient to that larger American life into which their so-called students are to step. Yes, the American college is indeed a school of preparation for American life, for one leaves it deaf to those spiritual voices that cry out that our civilization is lacking. . . .

The vaunted 'college spirit' is a petty tribal loyalty, yet who at Winchester has ever brought individual objections against the talismanic slogan, 'for the sake of the college'? What is it that will break up this standardization which is now crushing the individual into an incurious replica of all his fellows? Who will save the individual in our colleges? . . .

During the five or six years following his graduation, Ross went through many phases of thought—socialism, philosophic anarchism, humanistic individualism. He was constantly revising the estimates he had made during his last year at Winchester; but one estimate he still considers valid. He has never retracted from his declaration of revolt against the iniquitous standardizing force of American college life. True, in his pessimistic moments, he is wont to say that nothing else can be expected of most people, that it is inevitable that they should try to be as much alike as possible. But generally he argues vehemently that a college can be made into a testing-ground from which no one, priest, stock-broker, or satyr, could emerge without having faced and answered some sort of strong opposition. He always refers to his snubbing at the end of his sophomore year as a piece of the greatest good fortune.

GORHAM B. MUNSON.

MISCELLANY.

A STREAM may rise no higher than its source, and so a city ordinance is never one degree more imaginative than the mind of the alderman which gave it birth. That is its limitation, no less than his, and perhaps it explains why our theatre programmes are required to provide definite instructions concerning how to escape "in case of fire," yet are permitted to remain silent concerning how to get out in case of happy ending or any other of those subtle devices by which the audience is made aware of its dismissal. No doubt it would be difficult to avoid a certain bluntness if the programme were to state at what point the author becomes weary, or the actors fatigued and the ushers are beginning to think about over-time—in view of which, you might as well call it an evening. Still one can't help feeling that it's a bit one-sided, all this meticulous care to speed one's departure in case of fire, and not a word about one's exodus for equally impelling reasons. Are aldermen inhibited by false modesty, or is it simply that no contingency less dramatic than a conflagration is deemed of sufficient gravity for municipal consideration?

THE phrasing of the notice is familiar. "This theatre, under normal conditions, with every seat occupied, can be emptied in three minutes," etc. The delicate implication of the words, "with every seat occupied," conveys the flattering suggestion that "this theatre," at least, is always crowded, and one can not fail to observe that the "three minute" estimate is made without reference to any particular production. Some of the plays I have seen during the present season ought to have been able to empty a theatre in even less time than that. By the same token, I can recall certain plays of such a nature that I doubt whether even a spark of fire could have kindled in the building in which they were being performed. One never knows what one would do in an emergency, yet I question whether I might not linger as long as possible "in case of fire." It would be such a rare opportunity to see how actors really act. Besides, I have often wondered how an asbestos curtain behaves when it does its duty, as provided by law. Does it drop with the slow, portentous dignity with which it rises on frivolous farces, or does it descend like a sheet of hail; and in the event that an actor lost his head and got caught under the descending curtain, as the comedians of vaudeville delight to do, I wonder whether anyone would laugh—as some one always does in vaudeville.

BUT the important thing, after all, is to arrive at some standard for the guidance of people who wish to leave the theatre under ordinary circumstances. It is reasonable to assume that for every person who wants to leave during an occasional fire, there are a million who want to leave during a play. What is to be done in their behalf? In vaudeville, the system of departure is simple and adjusts itself automatically. The audience divides itself, almost as if by prearrangement, into those who leave when the acrobatic act begins, and those who wait for the moving-pictures. This clears the house with the minimum of confusion. Naturally, the alignment of the withdrawing forces varies somewhat; the percentage of masculine retirement in the first group depending upon the percentage of feminine performers among the acrobats. But making allowance for such minor adjustments, the results are surprisingly smooth. In burlesque theatres, the problem is equally simple. The final line-up of comedians and chorus is the signal for a mad scramble for air—in which air is invariably worsted. So alert is your average burlesque audience that it never makes a mistake, and not even the subterfuge of bringing the chorus on in a new set of gowns will throw the spectators off their guard. Ere the orchestra flats the final bars of the exit march, the house is deserted.

BUT in the so-called legitimate theatre, I have observed none of this uniformity. The exodus begins with the man

who fishes his hat from under the seat in the middle of the final act, and braces his legs for a flying start. Suddenly, right in the midst of things, he darts up the aisle, body bent forward, crouching like some animal, out of the door at the first inkling of the impending *dénouement*. From that moment on, the exodus continues intermittently until it reaches the opposite extreme—a woman who has to do so many things to herself that she is compelled to do half of them in semi-darkness. Not until the ushers appear with the dust-covers for the seats is she finally dislodged. Between these two, lie all the variations. Some "key" their departure by the lines of the play, some by their watches, and some by the fidgeting of their escorts. None of these methods is to be depreciated, but the absence of a single standard of mobility, so to speak, is bound to be confusing.

THE thing will never be done right, I feel, until the audience acts as a unit. Apparently the author's idea of when everybody should go home is lacking in authority, for it is seldom honoured. It seems to be considered old-fashioned to time your departure by what is happening on the stage. It indicates that you haven't a train to make, or an after-theatre party to join, or that you are actually interested in the play. One excellent plan would be to flash the lights on in the auditorium, some little time before the conclusion of the drama. This idea, you will observe, is identical with that in vogue in public libraries to warn readers that it is time to wake up and go home. It would have the merit of being not too obtrusive, and might disturb the actors less than would the striking of a gong.

PERHAPS the best way out of the difficulty, however, would be merely to insert a note in the programme beneath the one about choosing your exit in case of fire, advising the audience that the best impression to be derived from this play may be secured by hurrying away as soon as the hero says: "Then you knew she was my cousin all along?" or when the testy old uncle remarks: "I guess you young folks don't need me any more," or whatever the line happens to be for that particular piece. In this manner, audiences would be kept on the *qui vive* right up to the "key" line, and suspense would be assured until the final exodus, if not until the final curtain. If, however, for some reason this should not be considered practical, the theatre may as well borrow for its own use the invitation with which, I observe, a well-known Fifth Avenue church heralds its noonday services: "Come when you can. Leave when you must."

My researches into the *Congressional Record* this week reveal the unsuspected fact that many a true word is spoken in Congress, as the following choice extracts attest:

REV. H. P. Fox offered the following prayer: . . . we pray Thee that Thou wilt help those who are elected to official positions, that they, too, shall appreciate not only the honour of citizenship but the additional honour of official responsibility. We pray that they may be given wisdom and grace from on high, that they shall measure up to the innumerable requirements, and may discharge their functions as befitth men who are citizens of a great democracy.

REPRESENTATIVE BLANTON. . . . questions arise in this committee, important questions concerning vital legislation and concerning big appropriations, when three-fourths of the committee present would vote an item in or out of the bill. Then in the House when you have the question put up to a final vote on the proposition and the bells ring over in our office and a horde of Representatives come rushing over here from the House Office Building to register their vote, yea or nay, they walk in at the door and ask, 'What is the vote on?' Then somebody, a page-boy or a doorkeeper, gives him his version of what the proposition is, and he votes yea or nay, according to what he thinks will probably save him with his constituency, while the vote of the committee, based upon judgment and based upon understanding of the few present, is set aside by that great horde, ignorant of the question at issue, that marches over here to register their vote. This happens not once, but every Member of this House has seen that occurrence time and time again.

REPRESENTATIVE BLANTON. I yield to the gentleman from Virginia first, because I believe what he has to say might have more substance in it than what the gentleman from Iowa might have to say.

SENATOR KING. . . . I suggest to the Senator that if he will consult his Democratic heart and go back to his Democratic principles and apply his splendid intellectual processes, he will reach the conclusion that this scheme is a mere dream of some officials of the Government who desire to perpetuate themselves in power.

SENATOR POMERENE. . . . not every one who says 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the kingdom of heaven, and it is not every one who boasts of his friendship for the farmer who is befriending the farmer.

SENATOR SMITH. It is a wonder that the public do not repudiate our Government and seek another form of government if those we put in charge of our affairs are half so mean as some of us seem to think.

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

CALIFORNIA DISSONANCE.

There is a peewee bird that cries
"La, sol, me,
"La, sol, me."
He is the only thing that sighs
Beside the western sea.

The blue jays chatter "Tcha! Tcha! Tcha!"
And cheer for California.
The real estate men chortle "Whee!"
And toot the loud calliope.
The sky is blue, the land is glad—
The peewee bird alone is sad
And sings in minor key
"La, sol, me,
"La, sol, me."
He is the only thing that sighs
Beside the western sea.

It was a shock, I own, to see
Sedition sitting in a tree,
Remarking plainly, "La, sol, me,
"La, sol, me,
"La, sol, me."
The peewee bird is very wrong
To voice such sentiments in song
Beside the western sea.

I said: "My bird, you ought to know
Enough to sing 'Do, me, sol, do,'
In major thirds, you see, for so
You'll help to make the country grow."

"You'll make the country grow, my dear—
So lift your little bill and cheer,
Do, me, sol, do,
"Do, me, sol, do."
You can't be singing 'la, sol, me,'
We simply must have harmony."

I think the bird could not have heard—
He chanted still, I give my word,
"La, sol, me,
"La, sol, me,"
And gloomed in obstinate dissent
From healthy public sentiment.

And yet I can not help but hope
The peewee bird will cease to mope;
For surely he will feel in time
The influence of the sunny clime;
Ah yes, the peewee bird will soon
Be thinking lovely thoughts in tune;
The warnings of right-thinking men
Will bring him to himself again.
Converted, he will win to grace
And lift to God a shining face;
And he will be no longer sad
But so obstreperously glad
That he will sing from morn to night
Unbroken paens of delight!
"Do, me, sol, do,
"Do, me, sol, do."
Which helps to make the country grow.

JAMES RORTY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

A GERMAN STUDENTS' PEACE LEAGUE.

SIRS: I learn from Dr. Alfred Schneyder, president of the German Students' Peace League, (*Deutscher Pazifistischer Studentenbund*, Cranachstrasse, Berlin-Friedenau, Germany) that the various student groups devoted to opposition to militarism and centralization in Germany are now consolidated into one organization.

These devoted young men are much in need of financial help for lectures and publications, and like-minded people in the United States ought to aid them. Conferences and pamphlets are cheaper than battleships and more effective. A few thousand dollars spent on strengthening similar organizations from 1908 to 1914, might have saved civilization from wreckage. If Europe is yet to be rescued, young men and women of abiding principles must do the work and the rest of us should do what we can to help.

Before there is a real league of nations there must be in all countries, thousands of men and women in dead earnest in support of the basis on which all durable peace must stand. I am, etc.

Leland Stanford University, Cal.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE.

SIRS: I owe you sincere thanks for calling my attention to Mr. O'Sullivan's article on "Apollinaire," in your issue of 29 December. I was not aware that there were people in this country so well acquainted with modern tendencies in French literature. To my mind, Apollinaire was a very interesting type, but not great enough to warrant a thorough study except by literary specialists. As long as we have to judge writers by their writings, I am always a little suspicious of those writers who are "greater than their books." Nevertheless I am delighted that Apollinaire has had such a sympathetic critic to write what I believe is the best article about him that has yet been published in America.

May I not say that Mr. O'Sullivan gives a wrong impression when he speaks as he does of war-poetry in France. Naturally a man who likes Apollinaire so well and deems Peguy a "negligible quantity," would not appreciate much of the war-poetry. Of course Mr. O'Sullivan has a right to his opinion, but he ought not to say that it is the opinion prevalent in France. One of the best-selling books in France in 1920, was E. Prevost's *et C. Dornier's* anthology of war-poems, "*Le Livre Epique*." I am, etc.,

Northampton, Mass.

ALBERT SCHINZ.

TOWARDS A GREAT LITERATURE.

SIRS: To tell the truth is not enough to make a great literature, even if it is a considerable step in the direction of magnitude. To tell the truth and get away with it is a sufficiently strange experience for the American novelist that he might ordinarily be in danger of stopping at it in the development of his art. But the triumph is somewhat overdue. We may be forgiven, perhaps, after fighting so long and wearily for Mr. Dreiser, to feel that the competent victory of Messrs. Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and Floyd Dell, and Miss Zona Gale, falls a little flat. We look at our watches and wonder where we might have been on the road if the policeman hadn't been in the way. A considerable number of persons will undoubtedly feel that all that was desired is now won. But it will be deadly if we begin to get provincial realism alphabetically for all the States and Territories. We could have left it to Mr. Howells if that were all we wanted.

To see clearly is enough only for unimaginative men; to see clearly and be lifted even then beyond the reach of the clay is godlike. All art is substantially a re-enactment by man of his life in microcosmic form, seizing the flux and stilling it for a moment's better understanding. But to see the pattern and structure clearly is scarcely enough. Because he is human, egoistic, desiring to live and to maintain inheritors of his dreams, man demands that art shall give him significance, award him a meaning that will dignify his acts, his thoughts, his beliefs and works and possessions. What does he not use to prefigure life to himself in eloquent terms? What dreams, what conceptions does he not interpose between himself and the timeless, effortless accident of experience, in order to make close-mouthed existence bearable, turn the absurdity of his place in the vast inanity of time into dignity and grandeur? What delusions does he not make into illusion to make existence seem good? All art is such an interposition between man and the imperturbable cosmic countenance. It moves him most when it revitalizes out of the endless cycles his conception

of his part in the universe, gives him a renewed belief in the logic of his own place and erects once more between his questioning and the impersonality of things a vivid and hopeful explanation. Tragedy ennobles him—he can suffer; an art that questions an old society predicates a new one; comedy, which is essentially social, flatters him—he is sufficiently removed from the earth to be able to laugh at himself.

Now that our realists have done the necessary spade and shovel work, clearing away false conceptions, showing us the puny man we are, may we not hope for something less careful, something more throbbing, burning, leaping, smashing, missing a corner of us here and there in the infinitely more precious work of piercing the heart of us. Now that we have seen and know surely that we are Americans, may we not be seen more truly as humans?

We return always to "Lord Jim" . . . here is endless compassion, pity, a poignant disclosure of all that is high and noble in man, unclipped even by the shadowy, immeasurable futility in which he labours. I am, etc.,

New York City.

RALPH BLOCK.

PROFESSOR SANTAYANA'S PHILOSOPHY.

SIRS: The following may be pertinent to your correspondent's letter regarding the unmodernity of Professor Santayana's philosophy.

Between mechanizing man and humanizing Nature, which should we choose? If we are poets, artists, mystics—the latter; if pre-eminently practical or rational—the former. What then becomes of absolute truth? It shrinks to a function of personality, and there are as many kinds of truth as there are types of men. Unless, that is, with Mr. Santayana, we let things be, with a mechanistic Nature somehow coexisting with our human consciousness, throwing monism to the winds and sadly afflicting our natural craving for unity. To be human is to be finite, and it is better to choose the guiding light to which we are born, than to play with infinity as though we were gods. But then, Mr. Santayana might reply, we are meant to be gods, and reason alone will make us divine. Our generation no longer hesitates to answer indignantly, even angrily, "No. Divinity is as many faced as personality. Our central non-rational faculties must first be developed, both deeper and higher, and then we shall require a divine rationality to organize and integrate our souls." The entire argument is a projection of the eternal conflict between Order and Progress, the human expression of Ward's "cosmical synergy." The mind is a democracy; instinct, intuition and intellect are equally valid, and the cumulative result of all our philosophical discussions will be the appearance of a new democratic psychology. "The faces of God fuse into one divine face."

I suppose the truth is that the modern age is merely resisting the vainglory of reason and science long enough to allow literature, art, and religion, so long repressed, to prove their absolute equipotence and to get firmly rooted before receiving back reason and science on the new basis of strict parity. The disproportionate, rocket-like rise of science and the scientific philosophy, added to the pre-existing rationalism and to the chronic rationalism of the common man, combined to threaten with degradation and destruction the older, deeper faculties of the mind. Ward, in his preface to "Pure Sociology," foretold the death of literature; the decay of religion has been steady since the Renaissance, and the many schools of modern agnostics predict its death; with Tennyson and the Victorians, poetry was threatened, and there supervened a degradation of art to the superficial and the fantastic. Mr. Bernard Shaw sends all three, art, literature, religion, to the devil. Mr. Santayana himself admits that man is too rational, i. e., that he has far more reason than he knows what to do with to-day; a condition from which has sprung our modern belief in the impotence of reason.

The development of the sciences is known to have been from the most non-advantageous to the most advantageous—from astronomy to biology, from the peripheral to the central—and the development of human faculty has taken the same course. Reason has far outstripped the deeper central faculties. Again, if science created a new world by discovering matter, who will be bold enough to assert that physico-chemical energy is the only energy which matter possesses, and that our modern struggle to tap the spiritual energies of matter will not prove instrumental in creating another new world? Moreover, the repression of science means nothing more than the repression of its presumption and its obscurantism: the scientific illumination penetrates to the arts and to religion through realism and evolutionism.

If M. Bergson and William James help us modern men to obey the first great maxim of Socrates, to know ourselves.

and we hasten to give ourselves passionately to their teaching, Mr. Santayana in his splendid isolation alone can help us obey the second maxim of Socrates, to criticize ourselves, for "a life without criticism is not worth living." With the passing of our modern epoch and the restoration of reason and intellect in their new status, Mr. Santayana will be hailed as the one voice crying in the wilderness. I am, etc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

G MORGESTERN.

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION IN INDIA.

SIRS: Perhaps no single event in the history of modern India is cited so often as evidence of the barbarity of the Indian people, of the inferiority of their civilization, of their unfitness to govern themselves, and of the great boon that British rule is to them, as the story of the "Black Hole" of Calcutta. Yet what are the facts? In the year 1756, during a time of war between the British and the Indians of Calcutta and vicinity, an Indian officer imprisoned 146 Europeans for one night, during the hot weather, in a small room; in the morning all but twenty-three were found to have died for want of water and air. Beyond question the story is a terrible one. Whoever in any land or age is guilty of perpetrating such an atrocity is worthy of the strongest condemnation. But let us be fair. Does this incident of the "Black Hole" stand alone? Are there not other stories as shocking as this, connected with British rule in India? Let us compare this story of the "Black Hole," with an event of our own day; I mean the Jallian Walla Bagh massacre, the facts of which have been so fully published that I need only summarize them here. Briefly they are as follows: In April, 1919, some 15,000 unarmed men, women and children, had assembled, on a religious holiday, in a large inclosed public garden known as the Jallian Walla Bagh, in the city of Amritsar, in the Punjab. The object of the gathering was to make a peaceful protest against the unconstitutional imprisonment by the authorities of two honoured citizens, leaders in the community. Several days previously, there had been a riot in the city, and on that account, General Dyer, the local military commander, had that morning issued an order forbidding all public assemblies; but the order had been so imperfectly published that few, if any, of those who gathered in the garden knew of it. General Dyer, learning that a crowd had assembled contrary to his order, and imagining that he saw in that fact not only contempt of his authority but signs of revolt against the Government, resolved to meet the situation with a policy of "frightfulness." He thereupon hurried to the garden with fifty soldiers and two armoured-tanks. The entrance to the garden was so narrow that the tanks had to be left outside, but the soldiers entered, and were at once ordered to open fire at close range on the unsuspecting crowd. An immediate panic ensued. The terrified people rushed madly for the narrow exits which were soon piled high with dead and wounded. The murderous work of the soldiers continued for fully ten minutes, and ceased only when their ammunition was exhausted. According to the report published by the Investigation Commission appointed by the Indian National Congress, the dead numbered about 1200 and the wounded 3600.

When knowledge of General Dyer's achievement reached the Governor of the Punjab and the Viceroy of India, those high officials hastened to assure him of their approval of his deed, and caused the prompt enactment by the Government of India of an indemnity bill making it impossible for the General or his associates to be brought to trial for what they had done. Such, in brief, is the story of the Amritsar massacre.

It will be noticed that crime of Amritsar differs from the crime of the "Black Hole" in several particulars: 1. The number suffocated in the "Black Hole" was 123, while the number slaughtered in the Jallian Walla Bagh was about 1200, with 3,600 wounded, many of them crippled for life. 2. The "Black Hole" incident occurred in a time of war. The Jallian Walla Bagh massacre was perpetrated in a time of peace. The "Black Hole" atrocity occurred in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, in an age presumably less enlightened than our own. The atrocity at Amritsar was committed in the full light of the 20th Century.

These comparisons suggest at least two very practical questions: 1. If that long-ago horror of 1756 proves the barbarity of the native Government in a small section of India, as it unquestionably does, does not the horror of 1919 prove the barbarity of the British Government of the Punjab to-day? 2. If English historians and politicians may point to the crime of the "Black Hole," as they have been doing for a century and a half and are doing still, as evidence that the Indian people are unfit to rule themselves, has not the world the right to regard the crime of the Jallian Walla Bagh as evidence that England is unfit to rule the Indian people? I am, etc., New York City.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

BOOKS.

IN DOSTOIEVSKY'S TRAIN.

THE war has given many of us an opportunity of discovering how truly we are "members one of another." Grimly comic indeed appears to-day the speech of the good Sunday-promenading citizen in "Faust":

*Nichts Bessers weiss ich mir an Sonn- und Feiertagen,
Als ein Gespräch von Krieg und Kriegsgeschrei,
Wenn hinten, weit, in der Türkei,
Die Völker auf einander schlagen.
Man steht am Fenster, trinkt sein Gläschen aus
Und sieht den Fluss hinab die bunten Schiffe gleiten;
Dann kehrt man Abends froh nach Hause,
Und segnet Fried' und Friedenszeiten.*

and the reply of his Sunday-promenading neighbour:

*Sie mögen sich die Köpfe spalten,
Mag alles durcheinander gehn;
Doch nur zu Hause bleib' beim Alten.*

—for, since one man shot another in a Bosnian town, we have been discovering what the good burghers ignored, what good burghers never seem able to learn: that even though seated snugly within their walls, they and their children and their children's children, were in mortal peril whenever war broke out, even though it broke out *hinten, weit, in der Türkei*. Before the war, perhaps, we too, were a little prone to believe that what went on in neighbouring houses was of no importance to us; of importance alone, it seemed, was what was done in our own. Now, alas, we know that we are implicated not alone in a battle in the Balkans, or in any even more distant portion of the globe, but in whatever is done by men whether in war or in peace, whether in Europe or in Africa, Australasia or South America. What men are about at this very moment, in Paris and Siberia, Mexico and Bombay, in a thousand spots of earth to which our attention has not as yet been directed by the news, may, we know, change utterly the significance of our lives. We know that nothing is done on earth that is not done alike to all alive upon it; and not only to those alive upon it at present, but to those who once lived, and to those who have yet to come to birth upon its surface.

The discovery made since Sarajevo has helped to bring Dostoevsky closer. The sense of the terrible entanglement of existences is but the negative aspect of the great wisdom alive within the Russian novelist. What had been born in the breasts of the Hebrew prophets, and transferred by them to the primitive Christians, and been born again in Francis of Assisi, had found its latest high expression in him. Dostoevsky knew that we are, all of us, portions of a single greater man. He knew that a single substance, a single breath, was in all men alike, and that whatever was done to it was done to all. He knew that what seemed to be other folk was but oneself multiplied; that the murderer advancing to the judgment-bar to be sentenced was but oneself in another shape; that all men were equally guilty of every crime and equally innocent; that whosoever suffers, suffers not only because of himself, but because of and for all men; that whosoever expiates, expiates not only his own sins but those of all men. Though Smerdiakov commits the murder in "The Brothers Karamazov," we are made to feel Mitia and Ivan

equally guilty, and, since their father was what he was, equally innocent; Aliosha knows it, and takes upon himself voluntarily the punishment. At the close of "The Idiot," after the assassination of Nastasia, the two men Muichkin and Rogojin lie down on the floor together to sleep, and we know that the two, the saint and the assassin, are a single man. For Dostoevsky, too, there was no salvation for the race save through the Russian Christ; save through this sense of the unity of all men, of the common responsibility of all men, through this universal sympathy. Only on the day when folk ceased praying to God to save them individually, only when they ceased trying to save themselves individually through material aggrandizement, only on the day when a child was no longer "my child" or "your child," but when every child was recognized as a universal responsibility, would the dawn come for mankind.

In the breasts of the thousands upon thousands of men convinced by the war of the tragic interplay of existences, there must have been born, unbeknown to themselves, some hope of the advent of the Russian Christ, some faith that unless he came, the power of the white man, at least, would be shattered. This it is that the author of "Christian Wahnschaffe" comes to tell us. When, in the last dark years of the war, Jacob Wassermann found himself driven to his work-table by the need of keeping contact with his maddened fellows, and restoring his love of the blood-stained earth, it was a vulgarization, in the good sense of the word, of the Russian novelist, that began forming in his mind. "The World's Illusion" shows, as does no other recent novel, the new light shed upon life by Dostoevsky. What Wassermann has sought to portray, in his two-volume romance, is nothing other than the new birth, in the breast of a man of our time, of the sense of the oneness of all people, of the sense that what alone matters is what lies between folk.

In Christian Wahnschaffe, the hero of his ballad-novel—for the dryness and the rapidity of the narrative give the book a certain archaic timbre—he has tried to create a Francis of Assisi of the dawning twentieth century. Like the "poor little man" of the Umbrian town, the modern Francis is born of gentle parents, shares in the best civilization of his time, and finds himself renouncing his parents and his patrimony in order to live in a *portiuncola*, in the Moabit district of Berlin. At the beginning of the romance, we find Christian, the son of a South-German "captain of industry," travelling from house-party to house-party, mingling with the international "set" who are for ever straying from one European capital to another in the effort to amuse themselves. He is everything which the folk of our day have persuaded themselves they want most to be. He is handsome, fearless, powerfully attractive to both men and women, immensely wealthy, of noble manners, idolized by both his parents; he has nothing at all to do save to pass his days in entertaining himself. His friends are very much occupied in finding him a mistress or a wife worthy of him, and only in the person of Eva Sorel, a sort of Eleanora Duse of the dance, do they find his equal. But there is an element in Christian which begins to elude his

¹ "Christian Wahnschaffe." Jacob Wassermann. Translated from the German by Ludwig Lewisohn, under the title of "The World's Illusion." New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

fashionable friends. There has always been some sort of apartness, some mystical light, resting upon him; it is perhaps this that has made everybody love him; it now begins a strange development. The death of a friend, some conversations with a young Russian revolutionist escaped from Siberia, the misfortune of a lover of Eva's whom Christian had sought to supplant, the sight of the defilement of a girl by a band of half-drunken students, wakens in him a sympathy that begins to consume him. Hitherto strong only in the external graces, devoid entirely of the ability to penetrate into the lives of his fellows, he begins to lose joy in his wealth, his luxury, his position, begins to develop a spiritual contact. As though compensating himself for some inner coldness, he begins to see everywhere, in everyone, almost impersonally, a thing that is not himself, not others, and yet himself and all men. It is *that* which he comes to love; it is that which he loves in all his fellows; it is that which he wants to have acknowledged.

Christian leaves Eva Sorel; he adopts a be-draggled prostitute and settles in the slums of Berlin. There he encounters the woman with whom he falls in love. She is a little Jewish girl endowed with precisely the same quality of passionate universal love which has begun to develop in him. She, too, needs no objective power to be fulfilled: she has the secret of life in her. It is the human soul in her, the pilgrim soul, that Christian loves. Ruth is murdered by a perverted creature, a sort of Jack the Ripper; the old revenge of those degraded by existence on those to whom it is given to be holy, is revealed to Wahnschaffe. He knows the murderer, and goes to him. "Are you going to report me?" the ripper demands. Christian replies: "I am not going to report you. I do not even know whether you are really guilty of the deed you have done. But you must give me something. You have taken from me the most beautiful thing in the world. You have taken from me something that is so beautiful that it almost seems as though the world could not go on without it. Now you must give me something in its place." For the first time in his existence, Christian weeps. At first the man does not understand him. They speak together; they go about together. Christian shows no hatred, no condemnation of him. Then, because of Christian's utter humility, something takes place in the murderer's mind. A sudden light flares in him; he understands Christian. He goes away to give himself up to the police. He has given to Christian what Christian wanted of him, the acknowledgement of the reality of the human soul. Wahnschaffe disappears from Berlin; the novel dies away like a legend, a modern saga. The author tells us that at one time rumours reached his old friends that Christian had been seen in Ham during a catastrophe in the mines; at another, that he had appeared in the East End of London among the very poor; at a third, that he had been seen in the Chinese district of New York. Then he disappears for all time.

More than a brilliant vulgarization of the works of the great Fyodor, "The World's Illusion," however, is not. One likes, of course, certain elements of the story; its amusement, its lovely informing spirit, its many other virtues. The second volume has in it some of the most sincerely moving pages of contemporary fiction. Yet, much as one would like to do so, and in spite of its superb passages,

one can not quite bring oneself to agree with those who have found in the work a completely independent and substantial achievement. No doubt Wassermann has written, in "The World's Illusion," his most successful novel. Its superiority over "Das Gänsemännchen," which preceded it, is clear. Nevertheless, one finds it deficient in certain respects, deficient even more than "Jean Christophe," with which it has been compared. Not that the work is an imitation of Dostoievsky, even though certain scenes toward the close of the second volume, principally those between Christian and the ripper, savour a little over-strongly of episodes in both "The Idiot" and "The Brothers Karazazov." Wassermann is a popular novelist with his proper theory of the novel, and his latest work has a distinct physiognomy. What one finds wanting in the novel is the realization of the author's idea, the establishment of a literary form symbolical of the author's emotion.

Wassermann has not succeeded quite happily in embodying his theories; for him, the art of fiction is entirely the art of creating living, sharply designed characters; of no avail, he knows, is the creation of atmosphere, the elaborate descriptions and analyses of the naturalistic novelists; a character understood and loved by the author will create the necessary atmosphere about him, and no analysis or elaborate stage-setting can compensate for the weaknesses of an author unable to feel his protagonists as vivid wholes. Wassermann has written several essays, "Die Kunst der Erzählung," "Der Literat als Psycholog," in defence of his theories, and "The World's Illusion," better even than they, reveals how sincere is his concern with the technique of narrative, how unflagging his attempts to create objectivities in his fictions. He has not shrunk from creating, or seeking to create, characters upon a grandiose scale, and letting his story move entirely through them. He interjects descriptions and analyses very sparingly; his action proceeds much through a dry, direct narrative, and through fairly essentialized conversations.

But the task he has set himself is one somewhat too large for him. The creation of characters such as those of which he dreams is permitted perhaps only to men of a genius equal to that of Balzac or Dostoievsky. The types he has succeeded in showing us remain, after all, most of them, lay figures. Neither Christian nor Eva, Niels Heinrich nor Ruth Hoffman, his victim, Karen the prostitute nor Becker the revolutionary, takes possession of us with any of the insistence of Lucien or Vautrin or Madame Marneffe, Raskolnikov or Katharina or Muichkin. If Crammon and Johanna are more real, if Amadeus Voss is one of the best studies of the Judas in all modern art, better even than that in "Savva" by Andreyev, Wassermann's successes do not quite make good the slight woodenness of his principal figures. What it is the man lacks, above all, is the power of observation. For all his detail, his attempt to render the *tempo* of the modern world, his people who trail from hunting parties in Scotland to house-parties in Franconia, from Petrograd to Paris; his fashionable Germans who quote Stefan George and chase drinks of wine with drinks of champagne, ale, whiskey, coffee, and again wine; his many little pictures of the collapse of industrial civilization; for all this, he has not succeeded in feeling directly the life of Europe be-

fore the war. Both the fashionable world of the first volume and the underworld of the second are too much the upper and underworlds with which romantic popular fiction has been playing during the last decades. Moreover, Wasserman is often quite cheap in his invention. One feels in him the pretentiousness of the upper middle-class German eager to be thought a man of the world.

Consequently, one is continually obliged to be indulgent with the author; to pretend to be accepting his rhinestones for fine diamonds; to accept his intention in the place of what he has actually given. Still, one finds oneself rejoiced that the book has been translated. If Wassermann is a popular novelist, at least one can read his work with excitement and with pleasure, which is more than one can do with the productions of popular Americans and Englishmen. Moreover, the spirit of it makes one glad. Here, we know, is testimony that somewhere there is a man who has learned something from the war; somewhere, a cubit has been added to the human stature. Here is evidence that the race is attempting to compensate itself in some fashion for the harm it has done itself; and if one deems this the greatest value of the work, one is attributing to it a virtue of indubitable magnitude.

PAUL ROSENFIELD.

ANTE-BELLUM CRITICISM.

IN reading poetry and criticism we are apt to forget the war, until now and then a line or a sentence reminds us that we and our author have really been separated by a great gulf. Thus, we read the recently collected critical essays¹ of the late Stopford A. Brooke and find that what might be considered merely as a slight difference in point of view is widened immeasurably by the single note of prophecy with which the book opens. He will show us, he promises, the growth of the romantic revolt against Pope and the classical poets that widened into the naturalistic movement in English poetry; and he will mention, before proceeding further, the children of that movement, the first child which, some years after the death of Keats, appeared as the poetry of Bailey, Tennyson, and Browning; and the second child, called Pre-Raphaelitism, which died with Morris; and then, adds Stopford Brooke, there is another child, not yet expressive, but maturing: "It will be still romantic, even if its predominant thought and passion be (as I think it will be), socialistic, in the widest and most ideal sense of the term." That was said as late as 1901, and even some years later, Professor Mackail, in his "Oxford Lectures on Poetry," quoted a painter who predicted that the painting of the future would be socialistic and added that the prediction applied to poetry. In twenty years, we have achieved in painting, cubism, futurism, abstraction from all socialistic affairs; and in poetry, imagism and the exploitation of the picturesque, the decorative, the grotesque—but there has been scarcely any approach to socialism, closer, at least, than satire on vulgarity and on the war.

No, the older critic who prophesies, cuts off his universe of discourse from ours. Mr. Arthur Symons was wise when, in a book that covers much of Stopford Brooke's ground, he sought only for "the poet in his poetry: his poetry in the poet." Stopford Brooke is more interested in the reaction between the poetry and the forces of expansion in English life. When he speaks of Byron's "Hatred and vengeance, my eternal portion" as "awful sapphics" he refers to the spirit of the lines, not the choice of metre. But his book may well be read alongside of Mr. Symons's "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry" as a sort of study of the background which Mr. Symons deliberately omitted.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

¹"Naturalism in English Poetry." Stopford A. Brooke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

THE IDEALS OF THE PROPHETS.

ACCORDING to Mr. Wells, in his "Outline of History," "a nation is in effect an assembly, mixture or confusion of people which is either afflicted by or wishes to be afflicted by a foreign office of its own, in order that it should behave collectively as if it alone constituted humanity." A nation then might be described as a collective individual with hypertrophy of the ego. The Jews, as a collective individual, have been characterized throughout their history by a dual personality, a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde complex. On the egoistic side they exhibit all the marks of self-centred, arrogant, boastful exclusiveness. They are the elect, the chosen among all the peoples of the earth, the special favourites of God. On the altruistic side they believe themselves called of God not to dominate the world but to serve it by showing to the nations the true character of the God who reigns on high; a God who has no favourites and who desires that the sons of men should know him, not as coveting sacrifice, ritual, and worship for himself, but as zealous above all things that brotherly love and kindness should prevail in human society.

Dr. Henry T. Cadbury, in his useful and scholarly book on "National Ideals in the Old Testament,"² has done good service in tracing the development of nationalism amongst the Hebrews and the Jews from its beginnings in the nomadic stage of their history down to the period succeeding the exile, when the ideal of internationalism took its rise. The wholesome and informing influence of Louis Wallis's "Sociological Study of the Bible" is apparent throughout.

Such treatment of the Old Testament from the scientific, historical, non-superstitious point of view is becoming so prevalent to-day that there will soon cease to be any excuse for the holding of the ignorant and childish views which mark the old traditional orthodoxy and the still prevalent teaching of the church. This teaching is in relation to that of the modern world of scholarship as the Ptolemaic system of astronomy is to the Copernican.

The main stress of Dr. Cadbury's book begins with the chapter on "Radicals and Reformers," when he takes up the study of the Hebrew prophets. Each succeeding chapter is devoted in turn to a discussion of the work of these extraordinary men, the prototypes for all time of the courageous spirits who throughout the generations have thrown down the gauntlet in challenge at the feet of Church and State in the name of an anti-ritualistic and therefore anti-"*religious*" God of justice and democracy; the hater of oppression, cruelty and exploitation. The prophets of Israel—and this is their supreme service to the human race—conceived the character of God in terms which must be normative for all time, and their ideals of a just and fraternal international human society can never be transcended but must for ever remain the shimmering Grail toward which men of good-will everywhere will continue to strive more and more.

In Judaism the precious germ of prophetism remained encysted to burst forth later into its most glorious fruitage in Jesus of Nazareth, the greatest of the prophets.

Historical Christianity, which in its most typical form is merely Judaism *redivivus*, with priest and sacrifice and sacrament and ritual, has once more encysted the living truth of the Gospel, which ever and anon succeeds in tearing through its cerements. Then it is that Church and State are shaken to their very foundations.

For the prophets, the essence of religion was not worship of God but service of man. This view of religion puts all its stress on the living conditions of men in the flesh during this life and therefore must necessarily be objectionable to those whose vested rights would be affected by the general emancipation of mankind. Hence it is that those in authority have ever striven to turn men's attention to another, a post-mortem world, where, they promise, the wrongs of this one will be righted.

In the last analysis, nationalism is but predatory indi-

²"National Ideals in the Old Testament." Henry T. Cadbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

vidualism writ large. Internationalism, on the other hand, the ideal of prophetism at its highest in the Old Testament and in the Gospels, must ever be the goal toward which the sons of God, the God of the prophets, must strive.

Such are the thoughts that flock to the mind as one reads Dr. Cadbury's admirable and stimulating book. What a Reformation indeed there will be when the Church at large comes to a true knowledge of the teaching of its own Scriptures and when the things its ministers have learned in the study they shall dare to proclaim on the house-tops!

CHARLES P. FAGNANI.

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION.

"MAY it not be," said Sir William Ashley, in an introductory lecture delivered before Harvard University, in 1893, on entering upon the Professorship of Economic History, "that in those constant daily needs which men have ever been compelled to meet on penalty of starvation, in the never-ceasing labour to produce out of the earth the good things it contains, and in the efforts after a wiser distribution of the product, we may find the thread of continuity, the unifying generalizations, which shall at last make history something more than 'a shallow village tale.'"

"The New Unionism in the Clothing Industry" by Messrs. Budish and Soule¹ is a record of such "never-ceasing labour" and such "efforts after a wiser distribution of the product" in an industry which has often been brought to the attention of the public in singularly dramatic ways. In an introductory chapter, the authors define and characterize the "new unionism" and reveal the point of view which they have taken in the writing of their study. A second chapter gives a survey, sufficiently comprehensive for their purposes, of the development of the clothing industry in this country, and the "human element," comprehending both employers and workers in the industry, is understandingly analysed in its racial and cultural characteristics. Set against this background is the story of the trade unions: their beginnings and growth, their defeats and victories, their plans for the future and their well-calculated efforts toward the realization of their hopes.

To those who directly participate in the labour-movement, the book will appeal both as a narrative of familiar events and as a buttress to their faith; it will serve well the student who is in search of data, and even the general reader will find it an interesting, sometimes, perhaps, a moving story. Viewed from a more comprehensive, a more philosophical standpoint, the account which the authors have given us has significance because we seem to find therein "the thread of continuity, the unifying generalizations which shall make history something more than 'a shallow village tale.'"

Messrs. Budish and Soule are evidently confirmed Marxian socialists, and they leave to the discerning reader little doubt that they have undertaken to present an economic interpretation of the events and conditions which they have set forth. The adequacy of that interpretation is likely to be in question as events unfold in this country during the next few years. In his Introduction to the third and fourth volumes of the "Documentary History of American Industrial Society," Professor John R. Commons examines in the following manner "the economic conditions that determine the forms of organization":

The two economic factors of largest import are the progress of invention in tools and machinery (the technique of the 'instruments of production'), and the extension of markets through growth of population and improved transportation. Two schools of industrial philosophy ascribe different values to these factors. The socialist school, following Karl Marx, bases its explanation on the technique of production; the liberal (free trade or protectionist) school finds its explanation in the extension of the markets. Perhaps the difference is only one between the immediate and the remote

causes of industrial evolution, but, at any rate, so far as concerns the characteristic features of the labour-movement as we find them in the documents at our command, it is the extension of the markets more than the technique of production that determines the origin of industrial classes, their form of organization, their political and industrial policies, and their fate. Even the inventions of machinery follow rather than precede the widening of the markets.

Whether the Marxian school or the liberal school offers the true interpretation is much more than an academic alternative for economists who endeavour to hold the scales of scientific judgment evenly balanced. Our social philosophy and our public policy together very largely depend upon the answer.

The liberal interpretation has, of course, the widest currency, especially in this country. Professor A. P. Usher, in his recent "Introduction to the Industrial History of England" explicitly states the thesis of his book to be that "commerce is the conditioning factor in industrial development." This view, says Professor N. S. B. Gras, in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* (July, 1920) is "so widely accepted that it needs no comment, provided by 'commerce' we mean, not a primary cause but a resultant of many factors working themselves out in the exchange of goods and services." To this proviso the present writer would oppose as pertinent the query whether or not the "instruments of production" (embodied in tools or machinery and industrial organization *antecedent* to the working-out of any given process in the exchange of goods and services) are among the "many factors" of which commerce is said to be "a resultant." *Future* inventions and *future* forms of organization are, of course, not an efficient cause. If the followers of the liberal school propose to include the "instruments of production" among the factors the effective synergy of which is commerce, are they not guilty of begging the question, as Marx was in his posthumously published *Introduction to his "Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy"* when he, conversely, included so much that is properly "distribution" in his definition of "production"? If, however, the liberals do not propose so to include them, it is still incumbent upon them to prove that the "instruments of production" are not a "conditioning factor in industrial development."

The authors of "The New Unionism" have fortunately avoided taking a dogmatic position upon such disputed questions. "The Civil War," they say, "laid the basis for large-scale production in the industry. While it cut off the Southern market, it substituted Government orders for uniforms in enormous quantities." Unquestionably the Commercial Revolution (*circa* 1450-1750) conditioned the Industrial Revolution which affected so strongly the textile trades that underlie the clothing industry. On the other hand, the authors correctly explain by reference to the nature of the machinery and processes of production, the fact that the *new* Commercial Revolution—large-scale merchandising—has not managed to bring about generally in the clothing industry the industrial development of centralized large-scale production.

Messrs. Budish and Soule are to be commended for letting the facts speak for themselves. Their study deserves the attention not only of those who are interested in the labour-movement but of all who seek, in Sir William Ashley's words again, "a more satisfying and intelligible conception of the evolution of human society."

THEODORE M. AVE-LALLEMANT.

THIS WAS A MAN.

GORKY gives the *raison d'être* of his reminiscences of Tolstoy² in the following words:

I watched Tolstoy very attentively because I was looking for—I am still looking for and will until my death—a man with an active and living faith. And also because Anton Chekhov, speaking of our lack of culture, complained: "Goethe's words were all recorded, but Tolstoy's thoughts are being lost in the air. That, my dear fellow, is intolerably Russian. After his death they will bestir themselves, will begin to write reminiscences and will lie!"

¹"The New Unionism in the Clothing Industry." J. M. Budish and George Soule. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

²"Reminiscences of Leo Nicolaievitch Tolstoy." Maxim Gorky. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

But Gorky implies a personal motive as well. He is concerned not only for Tolstoy but also for himself; he seeks to explain why he can not be a disciple of the master he so greatly admires and loves.

It is not easy for us Anglo-Saxons to understand the kind of influence that Tolstoy had on the younger men of Russia—the influence of one who was a tradition, an idol, and a portent, and who, though essentially national, had become universal. Yet despite our lack of full understanding, the interest of these reminiscences lies partly in the spectacle of this influence. The old Tolstoy is shown here surrounded by the younger men, two of whom, Gorky and Chekhov, are of his own craft, men of magnificent individual talent, bred in the most analytical of literary schools, and with wits sharpened by a continuous ferret-like observation of the vast complex called life. Of this complex Tolstoy was the highest product; he was the sphinx who would sometimes discuss the riddle. But interwoven with Tolstoy the genius, was Tolstoy the man, creating all the time a powerful personal relationship between himself and his companions, playing havoc with their judgments by his "quick ironical little smile" or by a penetrating reference to their own creative work. Tolstoy, indeed, used his personality as a cement with which to bind his followers, as an arm with which to exert his immense authority over Russian taste, and as a die with which to stamp the minds of forgetful humanity.

Anglo-Saxons with a long Puritan ancestry are well able to understand the attitude of "tormenting but sometimes cosy loneliness in face of the problem of the essential," and for that reason can contribute something to the understanding of Tolstoy. For us Tolstoy has a peculiar value as a great moralist who was not afraid of giving himself away. It is recorded by Gorky that he declared on one occasion that he had not enjoyed fourteen happy days in all his life, because, as he confessed, "I have never lived for myself. I live for show, for people." That is the Puritan's complaint. All moralists know that they live for show, and the braver the show the more fearful their misgivings. In the passages in this book dealing with women, we find Gorky asking, how can so great a man react so grossly, so trivially? But, after all, there is no sensualist like the moralist who insists that a fruit is forbidden yet must taste it for the sake of experience.

Tolstoy is revealed to us by Gorky as an old man with his nervous and physical organization still as powerful as in youth, and with his capacity to enjoy and to wonder at life still unabated. He had run through all physical experience, and had come to the profoundest conviction of its limitations—and yet was enslaved by it. He had perhaps said to himself all his life: "When I am old, I shall be free, I shall be spiritual." But instead he found himself as much bound as ever. Gorky quotes him as saying: "The flesh should be the obedient dog of the spirit, running to do its bidding, but we, how do we live? The flesh rages and riots and the spirit follows it helpless and miserable." In his attitude towards women, Tolstoy was quite consistent. Woman is still the type of a natural force that can not be opposed by a negation; but now, in the end, Tolstoy was concerned to oppose her. Tolstoy's "tragedy of the bedroom," his "most tormenting tragedy," is of a piece with Buddha's forsaking his wife in childbirth, with Plotinus's refusal to speak of his mother who had betrayed him into flesh. There is evidence that such creative minds as these are indeed jealous of sex and of maternity, of the natural forces that alone are capable of being their rivals in the compulsion of mankind. In Jesus alone, we may be said to find an apparent absence of all jealousy; rather do we find in him only a complete harmony.

We must remember, too, that Tolstoy understood human beings, especially those who respond freely to natural forces. We should have to go to the collective wisdom of the confessional to equal his vast knowledge of human weakness. Small wonder then if he was, as Gorky describes him, more interested in "the solution" of the riddle of existence than in people, seeing that he knew so much about people, but did not know the answer to the

riddle. Only in that direction was there exploration, adventure, the unknown.

It is the quality of youthfulness in Tolstoy that helps to explain his dislike of death which, in the common futile cycle of nature, he was to expect so soon. But death might give him the solution at last! Yet what answer could death give that would be any more satisfying than any other natural consummation, than birth or marriage? Death was, to him, but the last insult, the last limitation. Gorky writes:

And very gently touching me with his elbow he said: 'You, too, you will have lived your life and everything will remain exactly as it was, and then you too will cry worse than I, more "streamingly" as the peasant women say.'

What were Gorky's expectations for Tolstoy; what are our expectations, our desires for such a man? "Surely," says Gorky, "he is great and holy because he is a man, a madly and tormentingly beautiful man, a man of the whole of mankind." Yet the impression one derives from the book as a whole, is that Tolstoy was always and everywhere desiring to be something more than that. Our disappointment is the measure of our hope; for had we not hoped that Tolstoy could say as Jesus had said, "I and my Father are one"? Apparently he could not say that. "The old magician stands before us, alien to all, a solitary traveller through all the deserts of thought in search of an all-embracing truth which he has not found."

But this solitary traveller had not been exploring all his life in vain, for Gorky, at the last, records this conversation between them:

And suddenly he asked me, exactly as if he were dealing me a blow, 'Why don't you believe in God?'

'I have no faith, Leo Nicolaievitch.'

'It is not true; by nature you are a believer, and you can not get on without God. You will realize it some day. Your disbelief comes from obstinacy, because you have been hurt: the world is not what you would like it to be. Faith like love requires courage and daring. . . . Now you love much and faith is only a greater love: you must love still more and then your love will turn to faith. . . . You were born a believer, and it is no use thwarting yourself. Well, you may say beauty, and what is beauty? The highest and most perfect is God.'

. . . I was silent.

He was sitting on the couch with his legs drawn up under him, and breaking into a triumphant little smile and shaking his finger at me he said: 'You won't get out of this by silence, no.'

H. BAGENAL.

SHORTER NOTICES.

A WHOLE book by a six-year-old child is rather a large order for the adult reader, because, not to put too fine a point upon it, man cannot live with children alone. The much-heralded diary of six-year-old Opal Whiteley¹ is pleasant and fanciful, and contains some charming incidents, told with quaint simplicity, but it is a generous dose. Opal lived in a lumber-camp in the West, with foster-parents who were unsympathetic towards her sentimental fancies and her intimacies with wood-rats, toads and other undomesticated creatures. Doubtless she was a difficult child to live with. For her own solace, according to the publishers, she wrote a diary on little scraps of paper. In time an angry foster-sister tore these scraps into small bits, which Opal carefully packed away in a big box. When she grew up, the publisher learned of the diary and asked to see it. Opal recovered the box and in a few months pieced the fragments together. A sceptical reviewer in the London *Athenaeum* has carefully figured that the work of reconstruction would have taken at least three years. Such mathematical aspersions troubled us not at all, though occasionally, in the reading we had our doubtful moments.

H. K.

As the present Russian Government has discovered, education is the most powerful, if not the only, means of radically changing the world. Since most of us agree that the world is susceptible of improvement, interest in the theory and methods of education is happily spreading beyond the specialists to the general public. Mrs. Radice's little book, "The

¹ "The Story of Opal: the Journal of an Understanding Heart." Opal Whiteley. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

New Children,"¹ in praise of Dr. Montessori, has this universal appeal. It is not so much a treatise on the famous Method as a passionate championship of its author's personal qualities, and a denunciation, sometimes more zealous than discreet, of her rivals and critics. Scorn is heaped upon the psychiatrists and, of course, upon German State education. The *Dottoressa* is compared, not only with Froebel and Freud but with St. Francis of Assisi and Jesus Christ. In our times only Bergson and Jung are fit to stand beside her, though Jung has a less "robust faith" and Bergson "lives by faith alone" while Montessori "translates her faith into works." Beside this somewhat mystical propaganda, the book contains some convincing advocacy of the salient points in Dr. Montessori's teaching. Miss Sophie Irene Loeb² approaches the subject of education from a wholly different point of view. Since the State has made itself responsible for the instruction of the child, she argues, it should also ensure for it the physical and general well-being without which instruction loses most of its value. From this Miss Loeb proceeds to argue, eloquently and persuasively, for school-lunches, a better milk-supply, and better playing facilities; and she deals at some length with the advantages of the boarding-out system for destitute orphans. Of considerable practical value to teachers and parents is Miss Grace Owen's collection of essays³ on the nursery-school. In addition to a comprehensive scheme for building and equipping a standard State-aided school for infants, it contains useful notes on hygiene and child-psychology. The latter, in spite of their pre-Freudian terminology, give an excellent summary of modern researches in that science.

V. G.

MR. W. NICHOLSON was in the British Museum one day, turning over old records of the underworld of the eighteenth-century theatre, when he suddenly came upon a brief autobiographical sketch by one Anthony Aston, a strolling player of whom very little is known, apart from the fact that he was the author of an amusing supplement to Colley Cibber's lives of the more famous actors and actresses of that period. This autobiography Mr. Nicholson has now published in a small volume with an introduction by himself.⁴ "Gentleman, Poet, Actor, Soldier, Sailor, Exciseman, Publican," Anthony Aston reports himself to have been; but by far the most important of his activities were connected with his medley, a knock-about farce-company, managed and directed by himself, with which he toured through England, Scotland and Ireland until, as he puts it, "he was as well known in every town as the post-horse which carries the mail." What a brave figure he must have struck as he strutted about on his provincial stage, for even now his abrupt utterances seem to be shouted, rather than written; shouted with all the boisterous importunity of the popular comedian who has gauged the tastes of his audience and is confident of applause. His humour is of the crude, brutal variety characteristic of the eighteenth century—the humour of Tom Corriatt and "Humphrey Clinker." However, one closes the book with the feeling that one has kept company with an honest enough fellow, and one of the kind that has his value in a world wherein the "blue Sunday" element is always conspiring to cajole and tyrannize in one way or another. Here is a word for all such folk, written in Anthony Aston's very best style: "If the sun shines by day and the stars by night. . . . Life's a bite. . . . You have it, have you? . . . The wise lived Yesterday. . . . You snotty Dab of a Puritan! . . . Sling your gob, and sob your guts out . . . It's all a case, there's still a hole in my kettle." L. P.

THE reader of Mr. Gibbons's biography of Eleutherios Venizelos⁵ will find it easy to believe that despite his recent defeat at the polls the world has not heard the last of the ex-Premier of Greece. In full vigour of mind and body he is still, at the age of fifty-six, at his prime. Mr. Gibbons's record of the Greek statesman's career is so packed with incident, so fertile in examples of his power to sway his countrymen and bend them to his will that the idea of his permanent retirement from the political scene seems almost inconceivable. As described in these pages, Venizelos is a picturesque figure. Beginning his career as a rebel and revolutionary in Crete, he became the recognized chief of the island, in which capacity, living in three small rooms with a single servant, he learned the tasks of orderly government. The

¹ "The New Children." Sheila Radice. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

² "Everyman's Child." Sophie Irene Loeb. New York: The Century Co.

³ "Nursery School Education." Grace Owen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

⁴ "Anthony Aston: Stroller and Adventurer." Watson Nicholson. Published by the author, South Haven, Michigan.

⁵ "Venizelos." Herbert Adams Gibbons. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

annexation of Crete to Greece having been virtually secured, Venizelos in 1910 transferred his activities to Greece, guided as ever by the same idea that has dominated his whole life, the idea of a greater Greece. "He had been a Garibaldi; now he must be also a Cavour." In steering his way through the conflicting currents of the ambitions and rivalries of the Great Powers and the small ones, Venizelos had to use his Greek wits to the full. The complexity of the problem was increased by the fact that he was dealing at home with a people unusually fickle in its favours, little accustomed to the ordinary duties of democratic government and torn by dissensions. Mr. Gibbons describes the maze of intrigue in which the political leaders of Greece wandered during the first three years of the European conflict, and gives vivid pictures of Venizelos's final rupture with King Constantine, of his departure to Saloniki and his remarkable work in creating an army to fight beside the Allies, and finally of his brilliant diplomacy in Paris during the peace negotiations.

C. R. H.

THE freedom and minuteness of record in "The Journal of a Disappointed Man" are a sufficient testimony that the young zoologist who wrote under the name of W. N. P. Barbellion was a natural diarist if ever there was one; but for all the fullness of its expression the real key to the "Journal" and to the temperament which produced it lies in the small second book which has just been published under the name "Enjoying Life."¹ The "Journal" gives the outline of Barbellion's life with its constant flow of vivid concrete experiences; "Enjoying Life" defines his philosophy. It is a collection of essays, some of them autobiographical fragments, some of them literary papers, with a few scientific articles and a pair of stories. The essays are the heart of the book. Their range in mood is wide; Barbellion can be lyrically happy, as in the title essay, cynical, consciously bathetic—and tragic. The note of tragedy is the insistent note: not that of a personal tragedy, for there is next to nothing in these papers to suggest the course and outcome of his own life, but the tragedy of existence, the tantalizing perennial failure of the human mind to compass experience. The essay "The Insulation of the Ego" is a mordant critique of the human temperament, with its tendency to throw overboard emotions, remembrances, the temptation to struggle, everything that hurts, in the effort to maintain a comfortable and equable existence. "Consciousness," he says, "is like some baneful atmosphere. As soon as they enter it, our emotions, at first like glorious white-hot stars, rapidly cool down to finish up as cold as the moon." The sense of human isolation and human struggle runs through the book. None of its philosophy is wholly new. But it is set in new juxtapositions and articulated with an untrammelled sense that the problems which it touches are major problems. Throughout, Barbellion keeps a scientist's precision: he also has a poet's sense of beauty.

C. M. R.

EX LIBRIS.

A FRIEND to whom I was talking the other day about many books, some of which I had not read, remarked: "How do you find time to keep up with literature?" The question was flattering. Keep up with Literature? It never was done, not even by such monsters of speed and persistence as Macaulay and Lowell, who confessed that they read too much—and in some of their writings show that they might advantageously have read more about certain subjects. The best that any ordinary reader can do is to limp behind in hopeless pursuit. To pass from the metaphor of the cinder-path, Literature may be figured as a prolific goddess, or trull (the mother-symbol has contradictory attributes), who has been delivering progeny faster than the most multiovulate insect. Some of the swarm she endows with immortality, so that when the reader is examining the fresh litter of yesterday, he sees in the background a host of imperishable children whose very names he has not had time to learn, not to speak of time to study their histories and characters. Even a ward-boss in a small domain of literature, such as a specialist in Chaucer, however heartily he may shake hands with all the children in his district, can not hope to call them all correctly by their first names, and must rely, even for the last names of some of them, on a general acquaintance with the families in the neighbourhood, and on what might be called intellectual telephone books—learned works of reference.

¹ "Enjoying Life." W. N. P. Barbellion. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE specialist is the most concentrated and eager chaser in the literary race, yet he is beaten at the start. Even when he grits his teeth, screws up his eyes behind his spectacles, gets far enough along to be an authority; even when other specialists so far overcome their professional jealousy as to acknowledge that he is one turn round the kite-track in advance of them, he is still only a wind-broken, spavined trailer. I recently had occasion to hunt down some obscure fact or fiction about Shakespeare, and went to the drawers in the card-catalogue of the New York Public Library. The number of cards under a sub-subject, say, Hamlet, would exhaust the patience and the time of any normal man, though the New York Library, rich as it is, does not by any means lay claim to having all the books that are published on Shakespeare. Consider then the scholar who essays to edit Hamlet again, with a careful revision of the text, selected notes from the best authorities, and a new and original introduction. Yet the scholar is the very best of the runners who try to "keep up with literature," and therefore the most striking illustration of the fact that nobody can have read the whole vast library of Shakespearean studies. If the scholar can not do it, who can? If the scholar does not understand Hamlet, how abysmal must be the ignorance of the general reader who has never edited a text, but has only, on a few occasional Sunday afternoons, done his best to read one.

PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY, author of innumerable histories of English literature and of innumerable sections and sub-sections of English literature, also wrote a book about French literature. In the introduction he says, in effect, that he has read all the French books about which he writes. Nobody would question the word of a distinguished Scottish professor. But how did he do it? Did he never sleep? Did he live to be a thousand years old? Did he expand or contract his working time by the personal experience which must underlie his exhilarating book on the Demon Rum? One may sometimes find fault with Professor Saintsbury's ungainly sentences, but must one not have a superstitious respect for a man who can read twenty hours a day and write, even if not always well, for ten hours a day? All those French books, in addition to a minute examination of Jacobean pamphlets, and a hundred other literary chores! It would be interesting to hide behind the arras and listen to a conversation between Professor Saintsbury and some Frenchman with a slight knowledge of French literature, such as Remy de Gourmont. But such great experiences, which might yield valuable information, are only to be dreamed of. Actual experience is fragmentary and inconclusive and concerns unimportant people. Once when I enjoyed a great period of idleness, I immersed myself in French fiction. I was beyond my depth, but, considering the depths beneath, I was only playing on the surface. A scholar, who was then editing a new text of Dryden, said: "I wish I had your chance to read." Dryden, by the way, was something of an editor himself and a prodigious workman. Perhaps he sometimes took a night off for fun and read, let us say, Shakespeare.

FAR behind the specialist in some small realm of literature and some leagues behind the general literary critic, is the mere book reviewer, who does not know his Homer or "his" Shakespeare, but who is supposed to tell somebody else what was written yesterday about Homer or his Shakespeare, but who is supposed to. Of all the keepers-up with Literature he is the most pathetic dyspeptic also-ran. He has to tell his friends, enemies and publisher's clerks what he thinks, or somebody else thought for him, about the latest book by Mr. Wellsworthy, and also what Professor Thompkins says about Ben Jonson. Since he has to take time to write as well as to read, he has not much time to read. This is not putting the cart before the horse. It is a cart with no horse at all.

THE moral of all this is that you, as a lay reader, can not have read many books, if you have something else to do, and that, considering the failure of the professional, who has nothing else to do, you should be fairly well content. The lay reader reads for pleasure. The professional reader reads to make a new edition of Hamlet or to get stuff for an article. Yet he, the professional, has his ironic pleasures, one of which is to discover how little some writers know about writing and how much less some readers know about reading.

STATISTICS do not always lie, especially when they are based on self-evident computations which any inexpert person may check up for himself. Suppose a man should read a book a day. That is a liberal allowance, even for a professional reader, when we consider that a book may mean a slight novel, easily finished in an hour, or a masterpiece, such as Hamlet or the Book of Job, to which even a miscellaneous reader might like to devote at least a week. At the rate indicated, a fair average of one book a day, a man who lived for fifty or sixty years would have read only about twenty thousand books. Twenty thousand books is a small library, easily contained in a Carnegie building in a fourth-rate town, together with the books which are not to be read but consulted, like dictionaries. So it is evident that the most absorbent of us arm-chair squatters in literature have not read very much, after all, especially if we are not yet eighty years old.

LET us ask some questions about "household word" authors. Who has read all the works of Scott, including "Peveril of the Peak," a book which I know only by having packed, moved, dusted, rearranged, a library of only two or three thousand volumes, including the complete works of Scott? Who, besides Mrs. Trollope (great men have helpful wives), has read all the novels of St. Anthony who, as far as my acquaintance extends, to a mere thirty or forty volumes, never wrote a bad novel? Take the most widely read novelist in English in the nineteenth century. I have written about Dickens and have lectured about him to docile classes in literature. But I have never read "Little Dorrit." Probably I tried it and could not get on with it. If you raise your hand and say you have read *all* the novels of Dickens, you may be dismissed for the rest of the day. But please come back and tell me what is concealed under minor Dickens titles, such as "The Seven Poor Travellers."

THERE is no possibility of keeping up. The lay reader may as well confess his defeat and lie down on the grass with some book that he likes. It is much to read, or to have read, something. It is not much to know the name of the last, or latest play by Shakespeare or by Brieux. This suggests another difficulty. Few people can read more than one language; still fewer can read more than two; and literature is happening in many countries not intellectually, though perhaps politically, dominated by the English. And what about ancient literature? Can you read Latin or Greek with pleasure, or have you read translations by English authors, Chapman, Dryden, Pope, Morris? As for childish accounts of Greek and Roman myths, such as may be found in Bulfinch, do most readers know whether Juno was a milk-maid to Io or was a cow herself? The comforting thought is that nobody knows enough to know literature, and that everybody will read a book now and then, usually one chosen by accident, with no worry about the records or the ethnology of the literary race.

JOHN MACY.

THE following recent books are recommended to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Principles of Freedom," by Terence MacSwiney. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.
 "The *Æsthetic Attitude*," by Herbert S. Langfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
 "Bliss and Other Stories," by Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Is there a little donkey in your home?

THE other day London celebrated the 2000th performance of "Chu Chin Chow." Only a handful of actors boasted a 100% record of attendance, one of these being Sarah, the donkey. No shirking, no doctor's certificates: 2000 consecutive appearances. She was not forgotten in the festivities. One of the company presented a neat but not vulgar bunch of carrots to her and complimented her in appropriate remarks. Sarah acknowledged the tribute by gravely wagging her ears. A perfect donkey!

American donkeys seem wanting in *savoir faire*. We offer in evidence this anonymous missive from a specimen of our protected infant industry of donkey production:

The Constitution of the United States and the Government we have organized in accordance therewith is the best this world has ever seen, and is altogether too good for anarchists like you. Why don't you go to Ireland where you will find lots of people of your own stripe, or to Terra del Fuego where the natives believe in pure socialism and practise it and live like swine?

Of course it's funny: that's one reason why we print it. The other reason is that we want to emphasize the opportunity that daily presents itself to FREEMAN readers: to kill the donkey industry in America. It can be done by opposing brains to ignorance.

Is there a little donkey in your home? The FREEMAN, administered in weekly doses, may contribute, to a marvellous metamorphosis.

THE FREEMAN, INC., B. W. Huebsch, *President*,
116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

There are no donkeys on my visiting list, but the following citizens have brains enough to appreciate the FREEMAN, hence this subscription, as follows:

Name	Period	Address	City and State
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